

DRIVE RECKLESSLY-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE

PDC

SICK

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

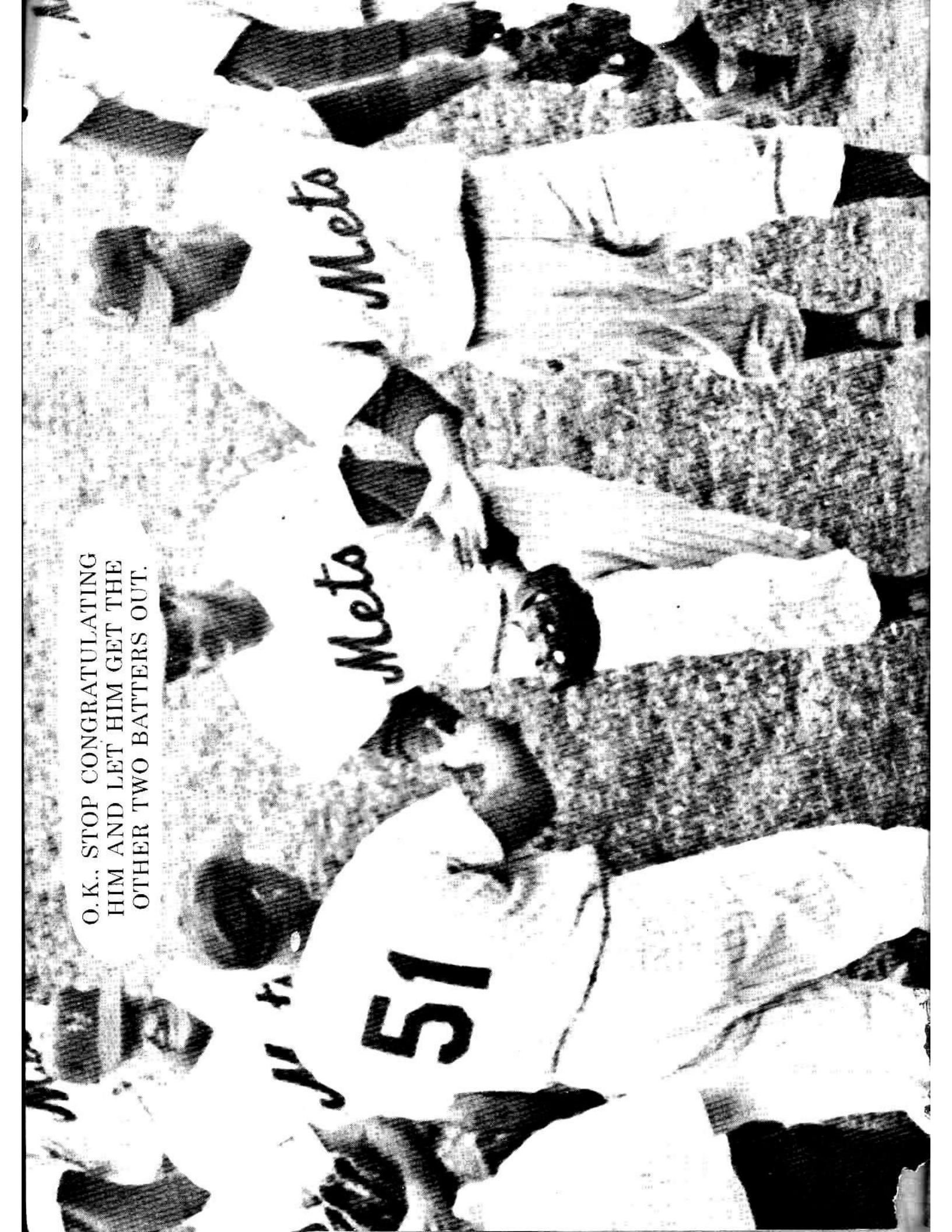
STILL
25¢

BUT GOING
UP FAST!

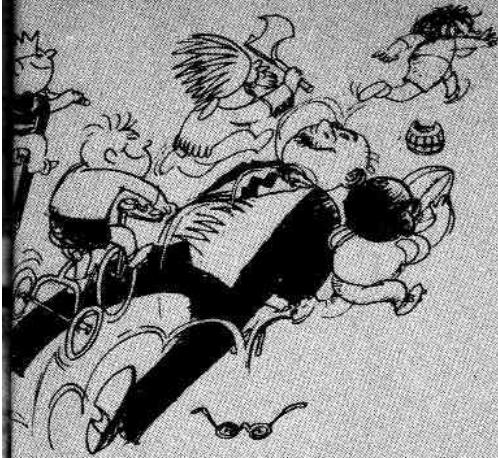
AUGUST

No. 38

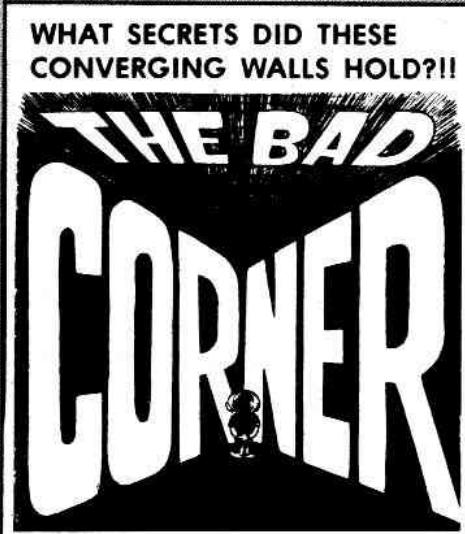




O.K., STOP CONGRATULATING
HIM AND LET HIM GET THE
OTHER TWO BATTERS OUT.



Second Childhood.



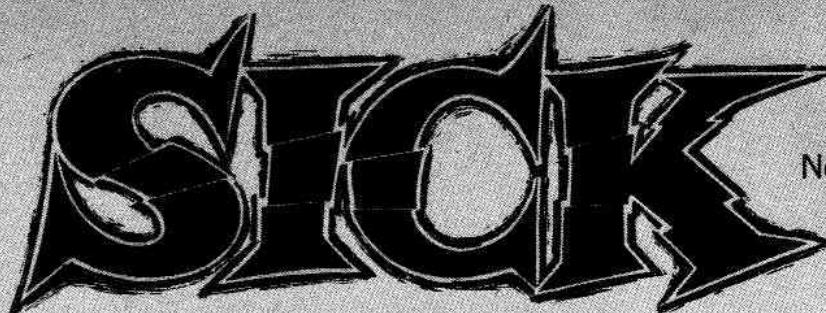
Monsters for Tykes.



Adamsapples.



Baseball Announcers.



No. 38

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

Vol. 5 No. 6 August, 1965

MOVIE ADS FOR LITTLE TYKES -

Hollywood films that our youngsters will be sure to see—which means they have "For Adults only" signs on them! These movies are strictly for the kids and are so wholesome that Doris Day plays the villain! 12

DOUBLE-TAKE HEADLINES -

Lifted from the New York Sunday Times—and if you've ever tried to lift the New York Sunday Times you'll know what a tough job it was to do! These news items will make your eyes pop out of your head reading them—that's because the type is all blurred! 20

MOVIE REVIEW: THE SECRET INVASION -

A review that is so badly written you'll want to go see the movie just to sit there and boo it! This review will definitely add more B.O. to the movie—what will happen is that everybody will say it smells! 23

PRIMER FOR A SECOND CHILDHOOD -

This is the Primer to end all Primers—because after this one we may not have the guts to do another! 30

MOTHER MAGAZINE -

A complete parody issue saluting the Mothers of America and revealing all their aggravation—and after you read it you'll be aggravated too! Just show this uproarious magazine parody to your mother and we guarantee—SHE'LL run away from home! 50

Joe Simon, Editor... Bob Powell, Art Director... Melissa Jane, Messages
Paul Laikin, New York Correspondent... Jim Atkins, Washington Correspondent

Jack Scott, West Coast
Angelo Torres, Pa.

Lynn Lichtry, Ohio
Bob Elliott, Space

Leo Willette, Louisiana

Jack O'Brien, Florida

Fred England, Texas

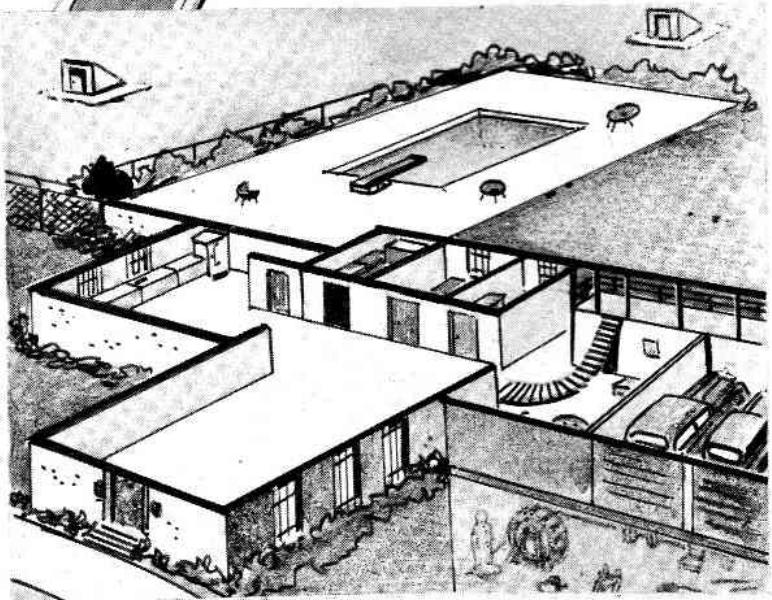
Ivan Golownjew,
Moscow

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When Jackie Gleason recently sold his fabulous round house in Peekskill, N.Y., one of the newspapers noted that the house was a perfect setting for Jackie's personality—"a round man's round house." In keeping with perfect settings for personalities, we assigned our Architecture Editor to design houses to fit other personalities. Here are some:

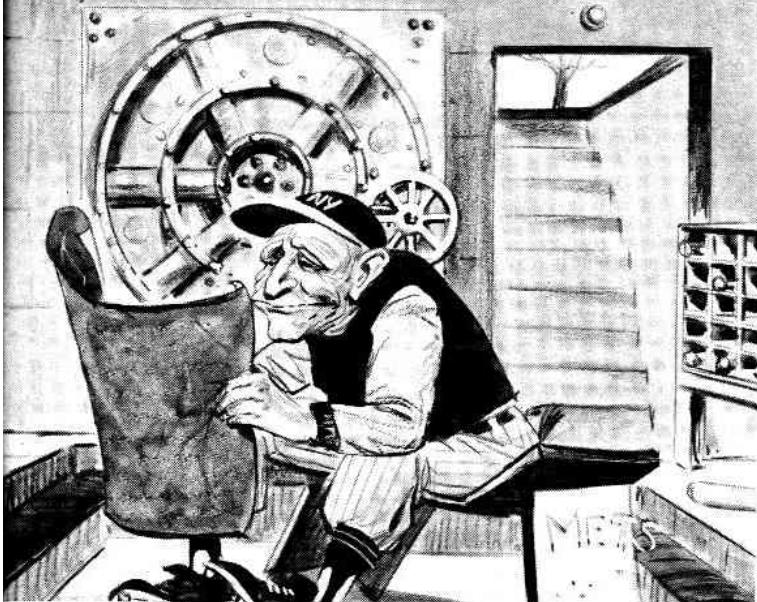
PLANS FOR HOUSING SORTAGE



Washington, D.C. Here is Bobby Baker's proposed new home. First to gain your attention is the huge lobby, to which the house is attached. Then, there is the large Senate wing with its gilded stairway. One of the interesting arrangements of this home is that the plot is in the back, not visible to the casual onlooker.



Hollywood, Cal. This is the proposed Broken House, or, rather House-broken. It is, of course, for the famous movie star, Lassie. Note some of the interesting features—such as the Human Kennel in the back, and the huge and attractive mailbox in front (with built-in bar) to entice passing postmen to ankle in. Incidentally, note that the newspaper delivered to the door comes spread out. Home comes complete with 10-year-leash.



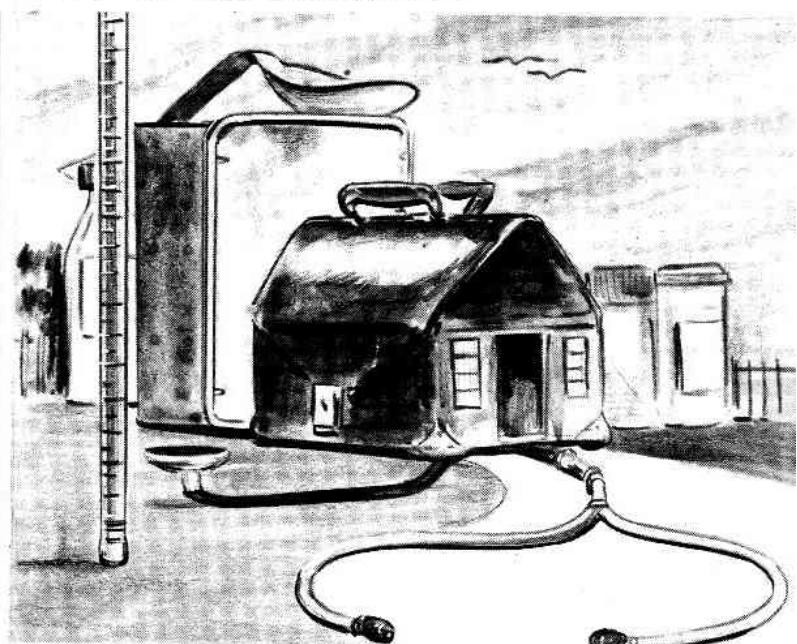
Glendale, Cal. Casey Stengel's new home, as pictured above, consists entirely of a cellar where he'll live permanently. While, there, he pores over blueprints and plans for 1970. The Stengel home has no furniture except for a very weak bench, and standing near the door is a bat-rack, instead of a hatrack. Casey's home features a Conversation Pit, with a built-in decoder for use when Casey himself is talking. Back of the house is a new Berra tree.



Detroit, Mich. Here is a preview glimpse of our new home for Walter P. Reuther. You can see it has a large picket fence out front, or more exactly, a large fence made up of pickets. The garage shown has doors that work entirely by Auto-mention. Generally speaking, the house is built along assembly lines with an occasional coffee-break in the walls. The huge lever you see in the middle of the house, throws it into two shifts—Day and Night . . .



London, England Here's a glimpse of our plans for J. Paul Getty's new domicile. Actually, it's a Greenhouse, entirely surrounded by lettuce. The house is held together almost entirely by brackets—in fact, it's 90% brackets. Naturally, the house runs on oil—has oil paintings and even a couple of oily birds on the trees outside. You'll notice it is built on the side of a hill, banked on two sides—Chase-Manhattan and First National City. Finally, you'll note that the gatehouse standing in front has a toll-gate, in deference to Mr. Getty's reputed ability to make money out of everything.



Los Angeles, Cal. Here is a look at our new home for Vince (Ben Casey) Edwards. It is painted in his favorite colors—frown and gold. There are Ben Casement windows on one side; Cashier's windows on the other. The latter were optimistically put in, should Vince's horse selections at Santa Anita pay off. The house has huge medicine cabinets, and everything else to suture eminent doctor's needs. In fact, looking forward to the day Ben Casey gets out of that hospital and into private practice, the house is a real split-fee level home.

Sickcerely Yours

Dear SICK:

After reading "Sickcerely Yours" of the May issue, I said to myself, anybody who would be silly enough to write to those stupid people must be sick! These people should be put in the nut house along with the "lot" of you.

Paulette Floyd
19141 Steel Street
Detroit, Mich.

P.S.: Keep up the good work! Wonderful!

Ed: What else did you say to yourself, Paulette?

Dear Eddie:

About your cool dig at Rumble Magazine in the March issue, send me a list of 101 ways to mug an old lady! None of mine ever work! Incidentally I scored 100 in the quiz making me a no-good lousy hoodlum, so I know what I'm doing!

Jeff the Hood
Highland Park, N.Y.

P.S.: Actually, I got a one on the quiz. I cheated on question ten.

Ed: You learned well, Elvis. Good alias!

Dear SICK:

Hello, it's me again. Whadaya mean "me who?" I wrote to you before about the Beatles. Now it's about *Invitation to a Gunfighter*. I thought the Beatles were tops. The satire, I mean. But "I TAG" topped "HDR." It was gear! I saw both movies and I think your satires are better.

You should be hired by some big

producer. I have a sneaky suspicion that you are Paul McCartney's 70-year-old grandfather he has hidden in his cellar. The one who writes their songs.

How about a satire on "Goldfinger?" You could make a hit out of the biggest flop in the world.

Huckleberry Finkly yours,
Mary Carroll
980 N. 66 Street
Phila., Pa.

Ed: Mary baby, we've GOT the biggest flop in the world!

Rat Finks:

Gary Trimelouni wrote that anyone who likes the Rolling Stones were off their rockers. Well, Gary just because you don't like good music or you can't recognize it when you hear it doesn't mean that you can go around knocking them that plays it.

As for Elvis Presley, he went out with the Stone Age. I would like to see SICK do an article (?) on old 'El.'

With regard to R. Schwartz and Barry Goldwater, just because he can't take it that the best man and the best party won he has to take it out on poor Susan.

With respect to Susan Becker,
Dave Wayman
1805 Wall St.
Beardstown, Ill.

Ed: Any other messages, Dave?

Dear Editor:

I think that your so-called magazine is a lot of manure. I have just

finished your May issue and I'll never read this magazine again. Why don't you make room for more sensible magazines. I hope that you have enough nerve to put this in your so-called magazine.

I'll be waiting for your answer in your June or July issue. I hope you will print this word for word.

I have read every magazine from my sons but this magazine is SICK!!

Unsincerely yours,

Reverend John Platter
Plains, Penn.

Ed: You thought it was the *National Geographic*?

Dear SICK:

I am a new reader of your great magazine, and I would like to know, do you sell past issues of SICK.

Danny Bell
123 Shannon St.
Dayton, Ohio

P.S.: What is the name of the man on the cover of issue #36?

Ed: We don't even sell current issues. Huckleberry Fink is our cover boy. We thought everybody knew that!

Dear SICKlings:

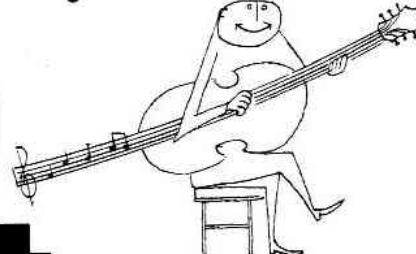
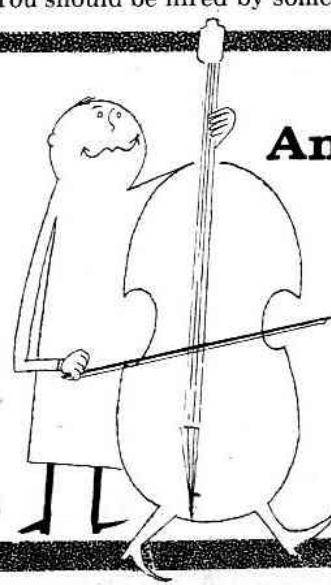
As in regard to that loud-mouth jerk, Gary Tremoloni who uses his tough Cool language he can go jump off the Brooklyn bridge. I wouldn't want to say much about your queer, flabby Presley—for sure he is an honorable man.

By the sounds of your letter, Gary, you sound like a phony, namely a democrat.

Oh, someone should also tell Mr. Presley something about music considering he can't sing 1/5 as good as the Rolling Stones and Herman's Hermits. I wish all of you who support the Rolling Stones or Herman's Hermits please write to me. I'll send them to Gary ol' boy. Who knows, maybe we'll get him to move to Tasmania.

IN NEXT ISSUE
Another Far-Out Parody Classic

darn beat



The Jazz Musician's
Magazine

I love your Movie Spoofs. Why not, if you're looking for someone to cut up, use Elvis—but don't hurt him too bad.

Please keep up with your signs and announcement cards.

Frederick Devine, Jr.
185 Great Neck Rd.
Waterford, Conn.

Ed: Boy, are you going to get it from the Elvis fans!

Dear Blabbie:

I wrote a few days ago, well since then we broke up. I thought she was going out with different guys. Well I found out she wasn't. She wants me to crawl back to her on my knees, well I couldn't. Should I? I will, if I have to.

Heartbroken
1939 Liberty
Lincoln Park
Michigan

Ed: We'll tell old Blabbie when we see her but frankly, Heartbroken, we think you'll make out better if you go back to English class.

Dear(?) Sick-os,
I think that you SHOULD change

the name of your magazine. I have several ideas for a new title. HERE are some new names: 1. Way Out, 2. Off Beat, 3. Crazy, 4. Insane Illustrated, 5. Candid Camera, 6. Playboy, Jr., 7. Mad, 8. Captain Crunch, 9. Idiocy, Inc.

Your Faithful Reader,
Paul Heiser
22 Vernon St.
Middleport, N.Y.

Ed: With faithful readers like you, we're better off with enemies.

Dear

C.F.T.P.O.S.A.S.M.O.T.G.F.O.S.
(Committee for the Prevention of
Sanity and Sound Mind of the Gullible
Fanatics of Sick)

This is to be an odd letter—a letter which will take you into the realms of the far statosphere—a letter of Fanaticism. If, in the next issue I do not find this letter in print, I will personally destroy all of the Proglitimate monkey flies which now inhabit the Island of Grunionsoup off the coast of Dalmatia.

Now, to establish my point for writing. You are to be congratulated (for once) on your Article in the

May issue, *Hospital Patients Primer*. Arnoldo Franchioni deserves credit for his art work. And to Robin Sager—what was wrong with the back cover of your December Issue with George and Pattie Boyd? To quote a line from Krelburger's immortal play, *McPheeeter is a Blot*, Act VII, Scene 3, lines 47-49: "A shoddy, paper-plate airplane soared into the ether, and, as it descended, left puffs of green haze which blossomed into lavender-colored cherries." That has always been a favorite quote of mine, and I think you are able to see its significance in conjunction with Robin Sager's blind remark.

As for now, I shall not disclose my true identity until I read this letter in your next issue. (Hint: one of my letters has appeared in your *Sickerly Yours*: before.)

Harlan Manillacopy
4325 Acacia
Bonita, California

Ed: You don't mean significance, Harlan—The world is SICK-nificance.

for collectors... **THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--**

You'll want to save this memorable PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT sparkled over an adoring nation



Georgie Jessel
says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

LOOK WHO'S TALKING

Hilarious Talking Pin-ups

BARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE

BRIGITTE BARDOT SONNY LISTON SINATRA

TONY CURTIS

SINATRA

LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

MANDY RICE-DAVIES JOHN WAYNE PAUL BURKE BRANDO

I TOLD you, being married to a war minister wasn't going to be easy

Go ahead, darling... I'm all ears!

Send 50¢ per copy (for attractive 8" x 11" stiff-cover "paper-back" volume) to "Look Who's Talking," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

Many exciting new programs have found their ways to the television screens the past few seasons. First there were cowboy series, then doctor series. There was even drama...remember Jack Paar crying. There was anxiety as viewers waited to see "That Was The Week That Was" that never was. Too bad programs weren't as exciting as the trade gossip. But, when it's all over, the day that TV will never forget was the week that the monsters invaded television...

When we see those weird folks on TV monster shows we wonder what it's like for them at home. We know what ZSA ZSA GABOR does after a show. We know what Dean Martin does after a show. But what do monsters do after a show? Here's the way it is during a typical off-day for the Adamsapple family. There is something about the house, something you can't put your finger on...the doorbell.

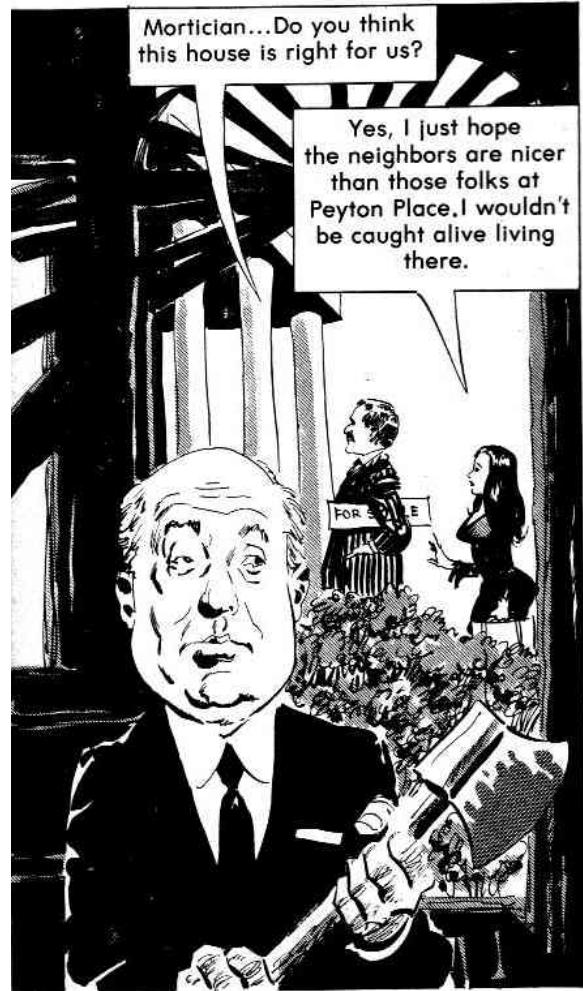


SICK Visits

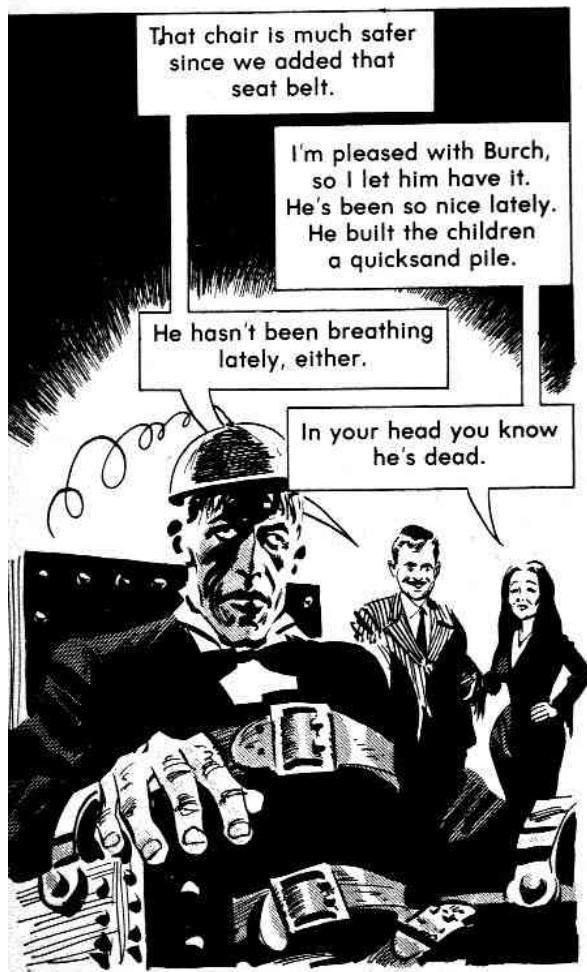
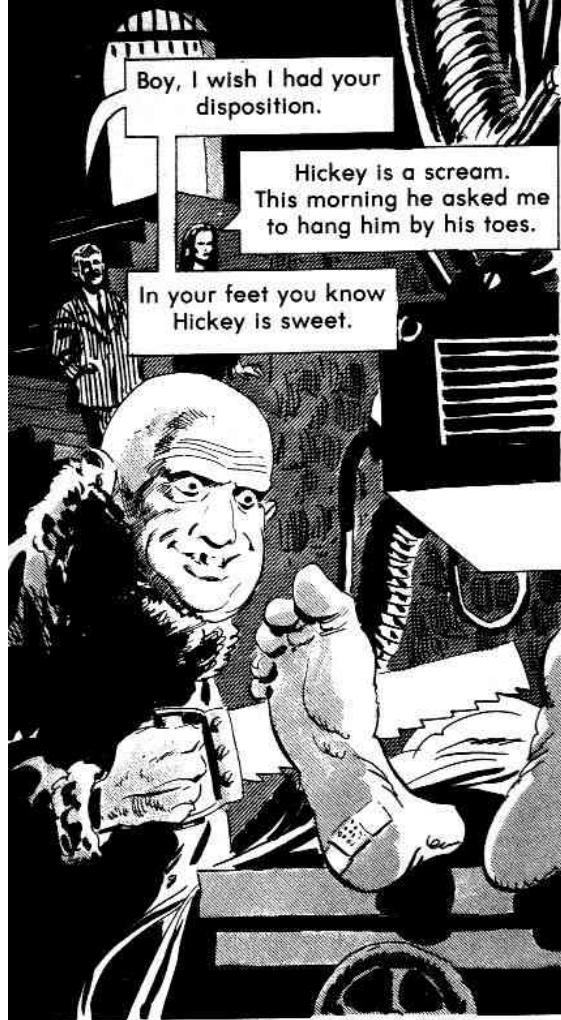
Script by Jim Atkins

Art by Angelo Torres

A MONSTER FAMILY







Thank you, Hickey...
Some bad news I hope.

You're so optimistic,
you must have had a bad
day's sleep.

As a matter of fact I had
nightmares. I dreamed
I was sick and was
getting better.

Here's a letter from
King Kong. He wants to
take us to see the
Empire State Building.

In your hair you know
you care.

Here's a letter from
The Committee to Keep
Our Streets Safe for
The Right Wing.
They say they are going
to bomb our house
if we don't move out.



Wasn't it nice of them
to think of us.

Here's the rattler
I ordered for the kids.

You'll yell if it's Mattel.

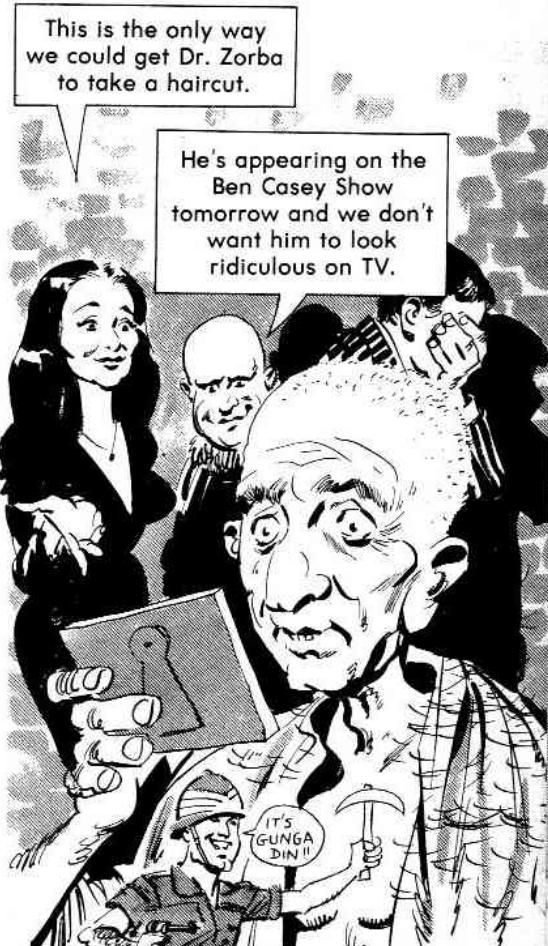
In your guts you know
they're nuts.

The operation must be a
complete failure.
He's still alive.

At least he's nearly
finished. And in your
stew you know the
patient is through.

This is the only way
we could get Dr. Zorba
to take a haircut.

He's appearing on the
Ben Casey Show
tomorrow and we don't
want him to look
ridiculous on TV.



A big problem facing movie producers today is the task of devising new and more horrifying fiends to scare the pants off the kiddies of the world.

Monsters from space—from the bottom of the sea—from the fourth, fifth and sixth dimension—have been done and redone and kids are wise to them. They're just not making it any more. A new look is needed. But what's left?

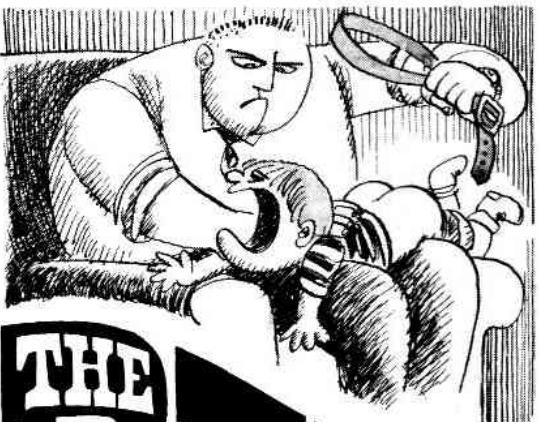
We'll tell you what's left... What the movie moguls are overlooking are the basic, real life horrors that kids know all too well...And to get Hollywood started right, we've prepared this set of ads which shall be called—

REAL MOVIE MONSTERS FOR SMALL TYKES

HEAR HORRIBLE SCREAMS
BEFORE DADDY EVEN
GETS THE BELT

SEE DADDY TAKING A BELT
(86 proof)

SHUDDER AS MOMMY
SCREAMS
YOU'LL GET



THE BELT

Starring Spanky McFarland Fanny Lice

A Hickok Production

WHAT SECRETS DID THESE
CONVERGING WALLS HOLD??!

THE BAD CORNER

WHY DID SHE SCREAM
"GO STAND IN THE CORNER!"



WHAT HORRORS WERE BEING COVERED UP?
WHAT DIRTY SECRETS LURKED AT THE BOTTOM OF

THE DAILY BATH



Starring

Lava
Soap

Soapy
Sales

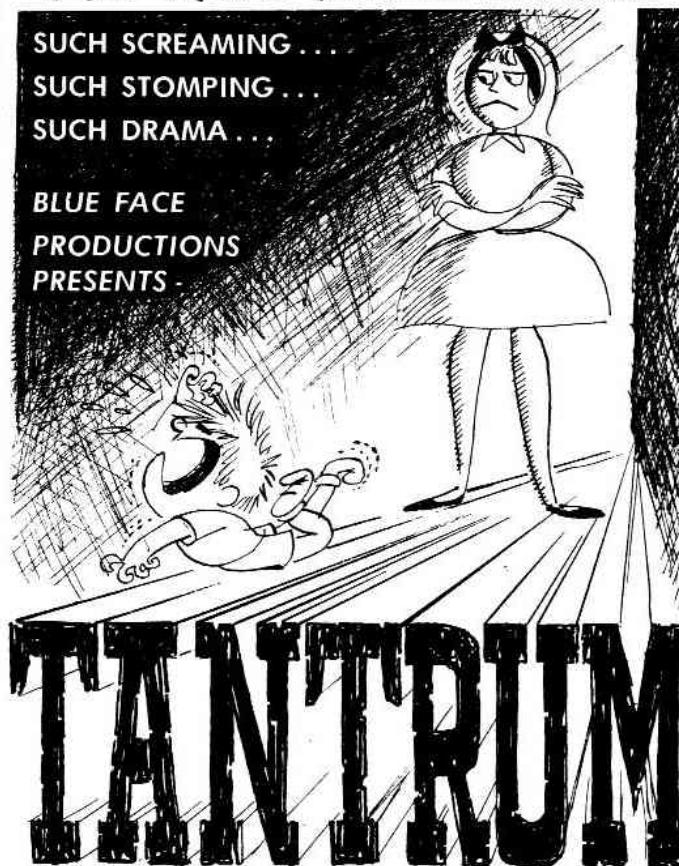
Mister
Bubbles

A Dial Production

YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN...

SUCH SCREAMING...
SUCH STOMPING...
SUCH DRAMA...

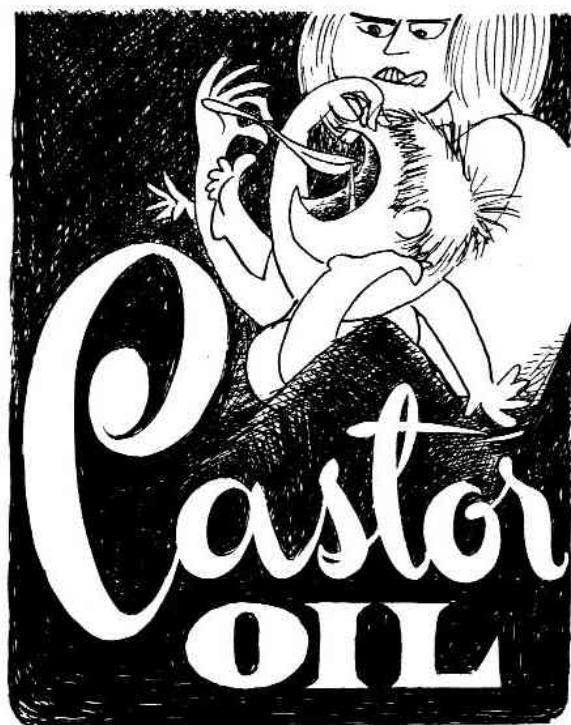
BLUE FACE
PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS -



JAN'TRUM

A KICK and STOMP Release

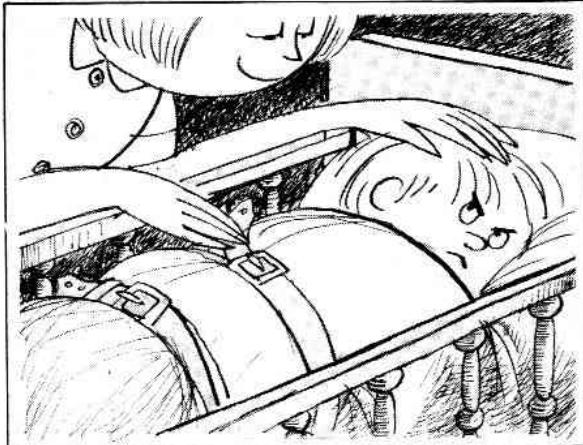
OF ALL THE HORRORS
THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING
LIKE THE HORROR OF...



A SLIPPERY PRODUCTION

JUSTINMAN@ARCHIVE.ORG

IN THE BRIGHT AND SUNNY AFTERNOON
WHY WERE THEY FORCED TO TAKE —



THE NAP

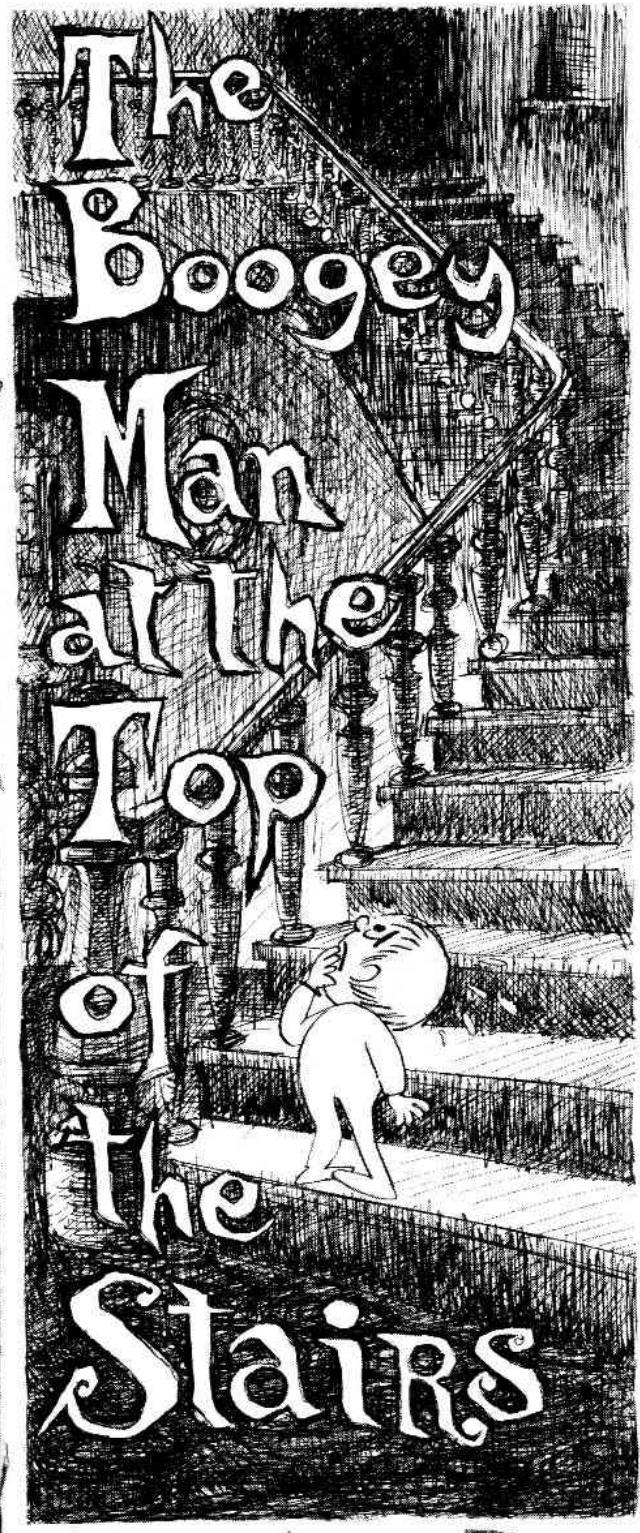
A SLEEPER FILM

WHAT PSYCHOLOGICAL POWERS
DID THIS PIECE OF
WOOLEN SVENGALI HOLD?

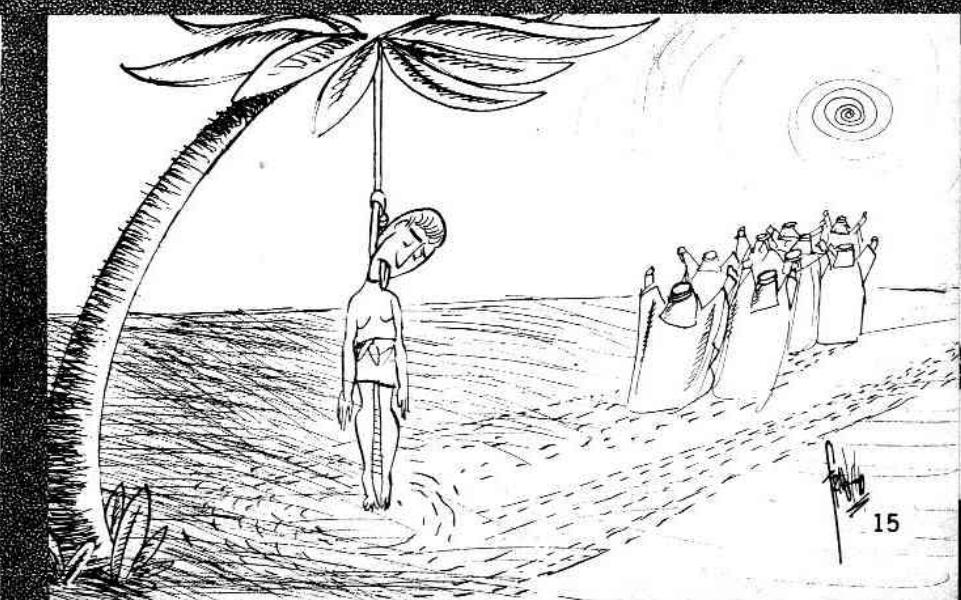
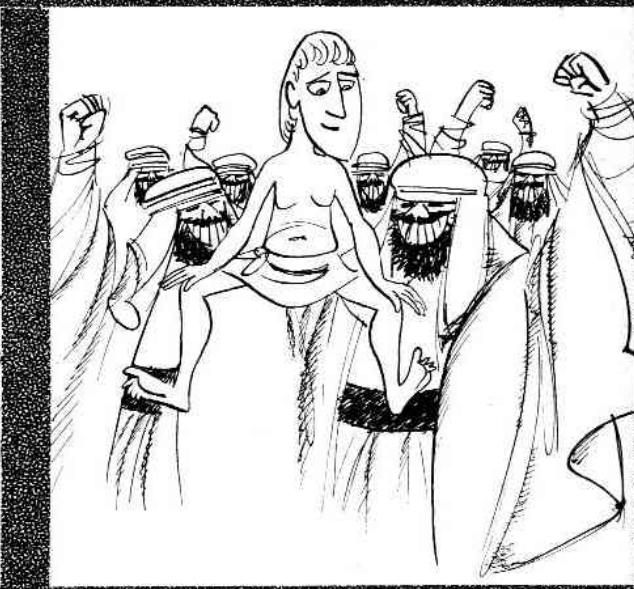
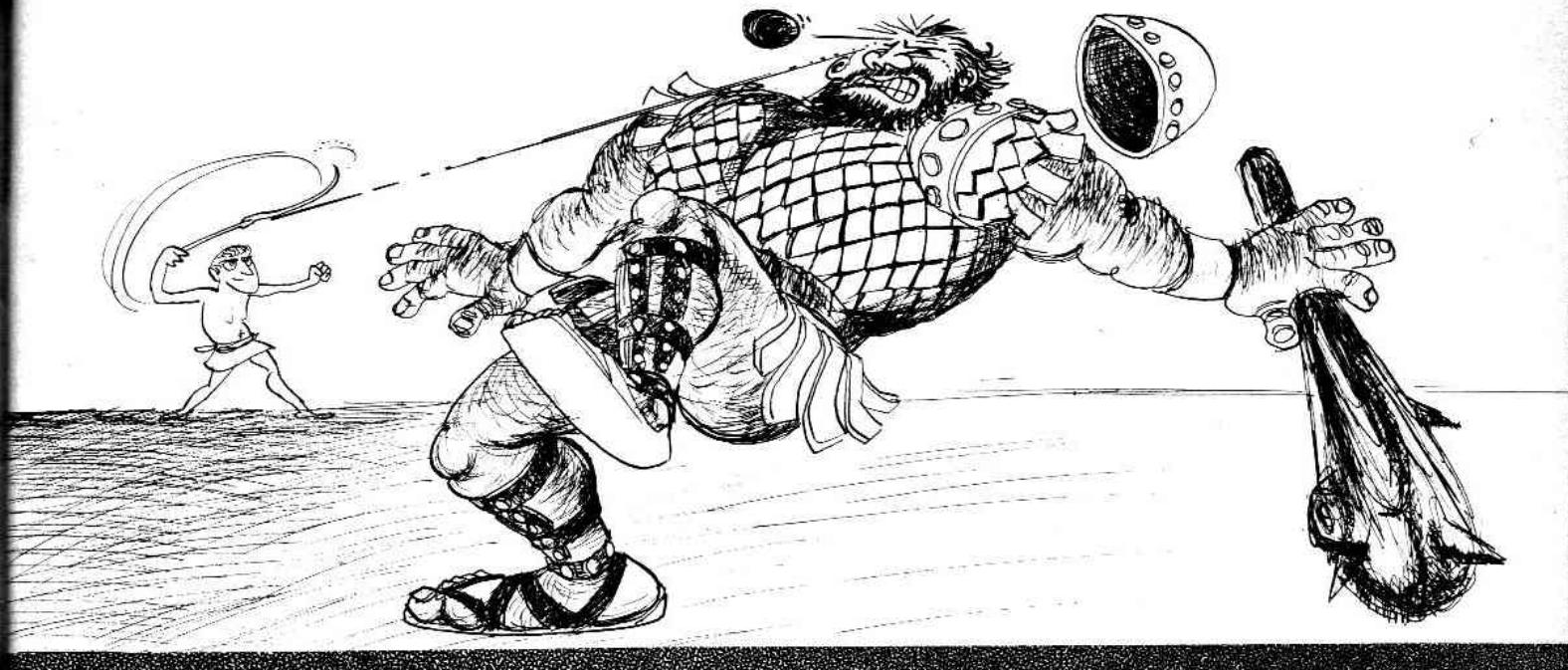


Starring Jean Simmons
Jane Beautyrest Sam Springmaid

A PILLOW TALK RELEASE



Giant Killer



As a tribute to
Baseball and The American Way,
the staff of SICK (noble, dedicated, self-
less band that we are) would like to offer you
our

handy guide to interpreting baseball announcers

Art by
Vic Martin

Script by
Leo Willette

Baseball announcers, you see, don't always say what they really mean.

Sometimes they disguise what they mean in order to spare a player's feelings. Other times they know that at home, someone's family is listening and that an unkind (though factual) remark might break some greying old lady's heart.

But baseball announcers are nice that way **primarily** because they are scrawny little guys who are scared stiff some big outfielder might just haul off and punch them in their mealy mouths.

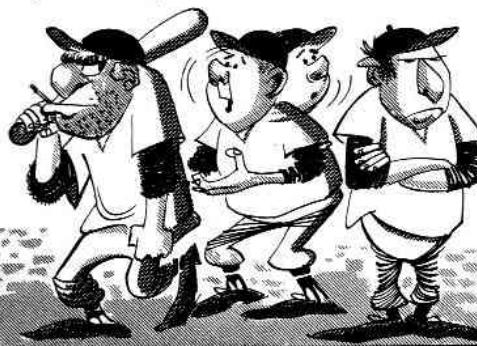
With this tribute to American cowardice now behind us, let us offer you this guide to...

What he says

"...who's kind of a loner..."



(A 100-thousand dollar bonus baby who the other guys are jealous of.)



"...and off the diamond, a fun-lovin' guy..."

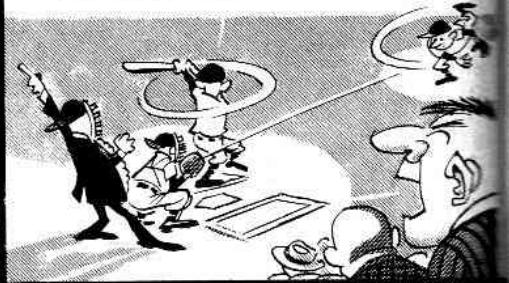


(Drinks and chases broads.)



What he says

"...a game bunch of kids who never say "die" and are always in there fighting until the final out."



"...digs in, with that unorthodox stance of his..."



"...and what a strategist!"

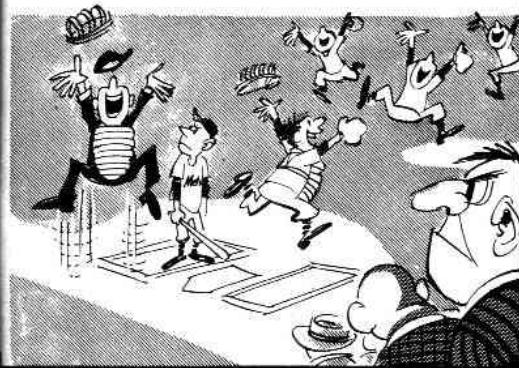


"...a fine family man..."



What he means

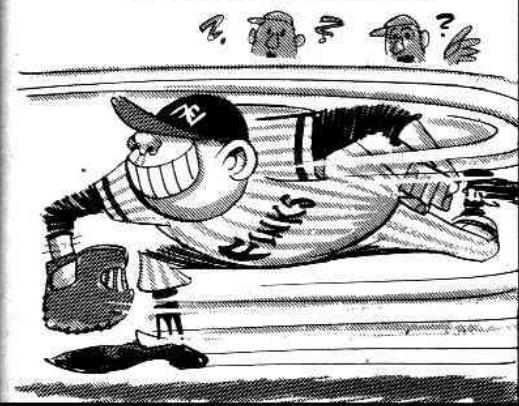
(We're losing another one.)



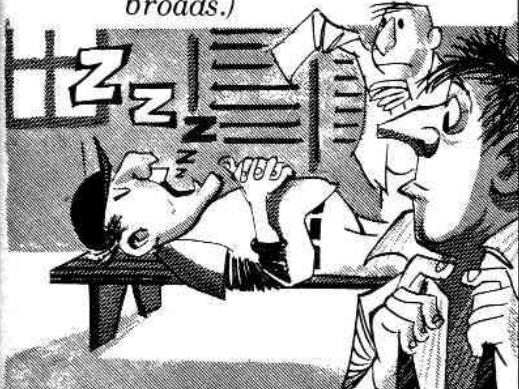
(He's awkward.)



(Confuses his players.)

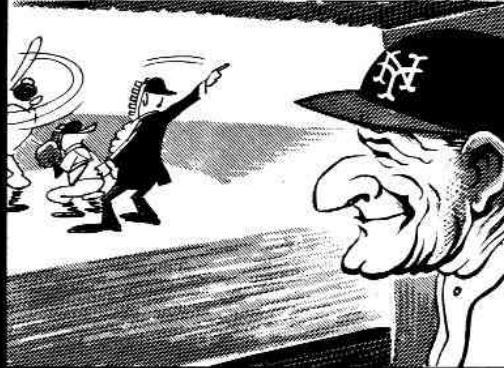


(Too old to drink and chase broads.)

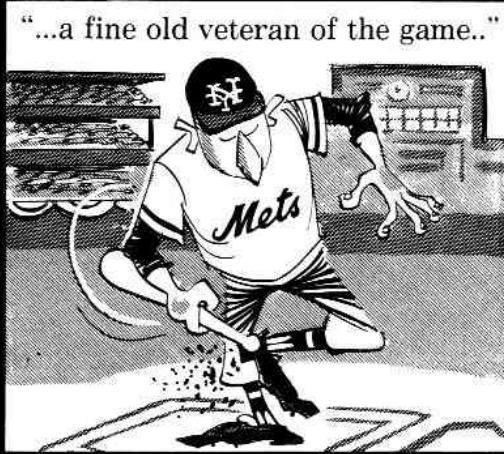


What he says

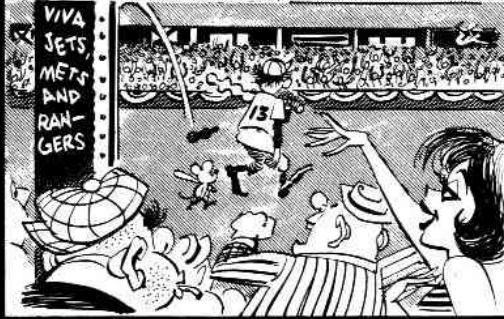
"...a young team that's finally starting to jell..."



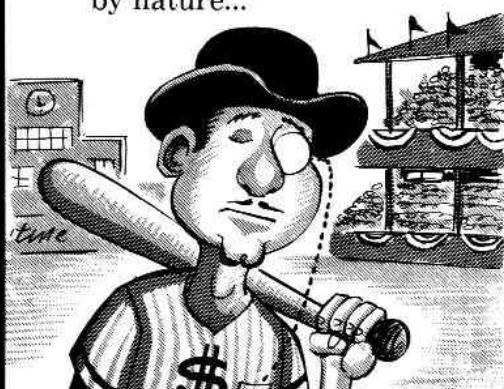
"...a fine old veteran of the game..."



"...still an unspoiled country kid whose head hasn't been turned by the tinsel and the glamour of this game..."

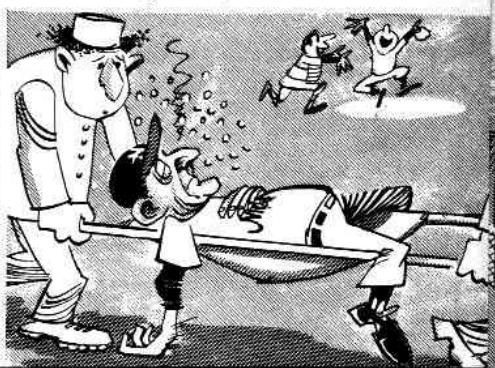


"...who's kind of conservative by nature..."



What he means

(What d'ya know. We're winning one.)



(He's old.)



(A clod.)

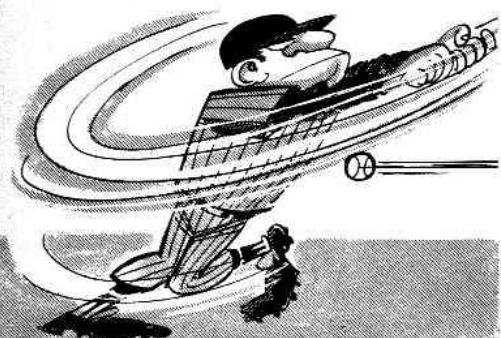


(A mooch.)



What he says

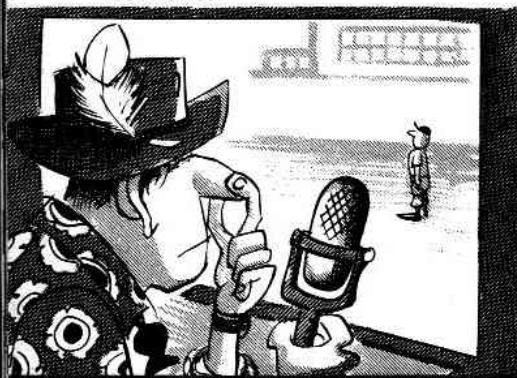
"...who really likes to clobber the old timber and clout that pill a mile."



"...well liked by the fans..."



"...seems to have a lackadaisical attitude."



"...adds real flair to the ole game."

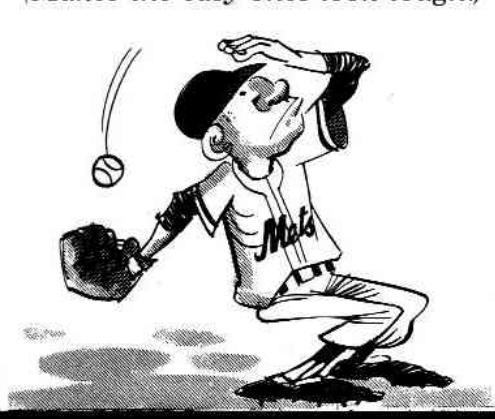


What he means

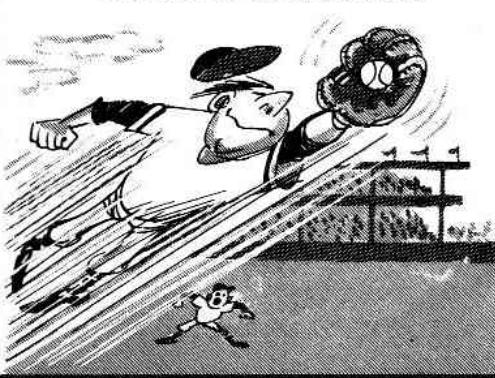
(Doesn't care about the game...only his own home run record.)



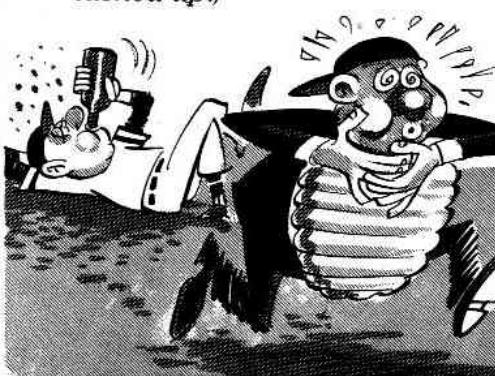
(Makes the easy ones look tough.)



(Great athlete who the announcer doesn't like.)



(Comes to the ball park lushed-up.)



What he says

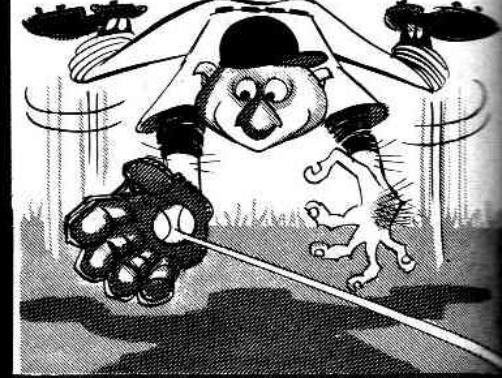
"...a manager who plays those percentages."



"...and a great team player."



"...spectacular shoe-string catch..."



"...the Great American Institution and Democratic Game that Baseball is..."

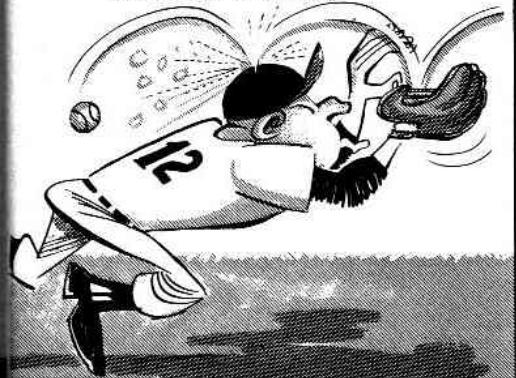


What he means

(Unimaginative and scared stiff of losing his job.)



(Leads the league in errors and strike outs.)



(He was as surprised to catch it as anyone.)

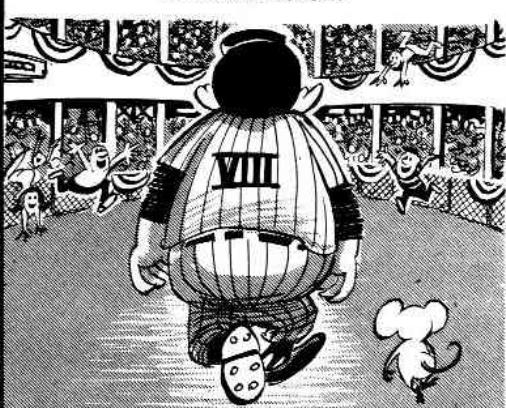


(Another damn anti-trust suit.)



What he says

"...venerable..."



"...and a great glove man..."



"...a real game competitor..."

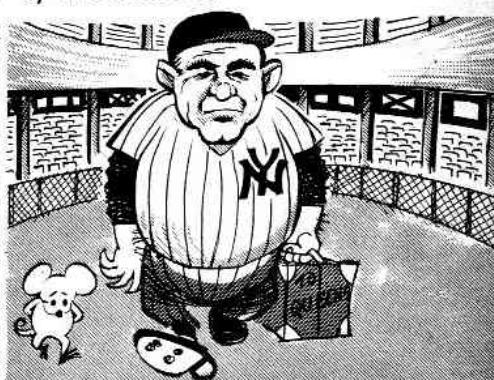


"...controversial kid, who'll probably be shipped back down to the minors for more conditioning."



What he means

(Is getting fired at the end of the season.)



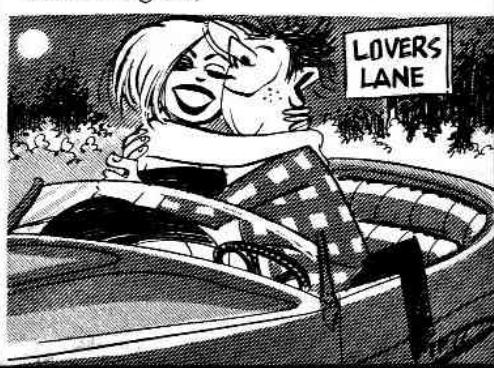
(Still in that batting slump.)



(No talent.)



(Has been dating the club owner's girl.)



Who said a good newspaper has to be dull? The same guys who said a bad newspaper has to be exciting—namely, the clods who write headlines for tabloids that sell like crazy. Only, if you read between the lines you'll find it's all a lot of hogwash like most of these examples of today's...

DOUBLE

Art by Angelo Torres

DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

FINAL

EXPLOSION ROCKS ENTIRE WORLD

POPULATION EXPLOSION INCREASING EVERYWHERE

CONEY ISLAND BEACH 5

There are many ways to... didn't help, we cut down at...
skin. There's the... it just...
you feel like a stroke, eat...
and it turns... sandwich in it.
There are other... ways to...
you ate the cigarette in it.

RE

TAKE

Script by Paul Laikin

HEADLINES

FINAL DAILY **BLUES**
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

HUNDREDS GO OUT ON STRIKE

PITCHER FANS RECORD NUMBER OF BATTERS IN EXTRA-INNING GAME

Good evening, you are lo-
t man who used to sim-
er yactr of slates
y. Two years ag I had
role operation - surger
nol two of my lungs
ain't snatched a big ret-
e.

as many ways to
ing. There's the "co-
y" method. When you
el like a s. o. k. cat
tr'ev sandw ch inst
owl's to
the ur-

FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

MAN SHOCKED BY ELECTRICITY CHARGE

CON EDISON PRICES OUTRAGEOUS
SHOUTS CUSTOMER

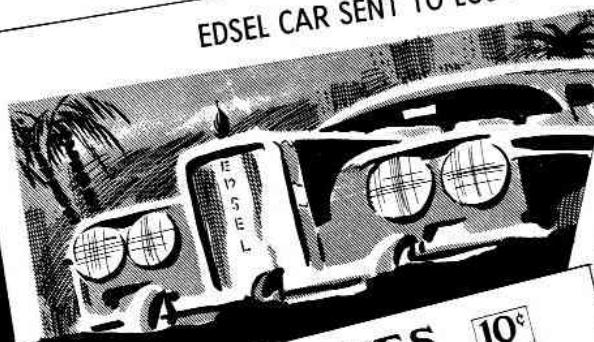


FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

SHIP DISASTER IN CALIFORNIA

EDSEL CAR SENT TO LOS ANGELES



FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

OLD LADY MUGGED IN THE BRONX

AGING COMEDIENNE SCORES BIG HIT

FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

MAN BITES DOG

The government became
a favorite of the cigarette
industry during the war.

TAKES ONE NIP OF FRANKFURTER



FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

TEENAGE VICE BARED IN SCHOOL

ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT OF G.O. APPOINTED



FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

HURRICANE WINDS HEADED FOR CITY

FAAMED STRIPPER TO OPEN AT NIGHTCLUB



FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

MILLIONS KILLED BY POISON GAS

SCORES OF TERMITES
ROUTED BY NEW SPRAY



People are always coming
to me and asking: "How
about a cigar cigarette?"

FINAL DAILY BLUES
NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

MAN BITES DOG

The government became
a favorite of the cigarette
industry during the war.

TAKES ONE NIP OF FRANKFURTER



MOVIE SPOOF

The Secret Invasion

The Secret Invasion is pure escapist entertainment. By this we mean you'll want to escape from the theatre showing this entertainment. That is, if you've got a weak stomach for action-packed realistic pictures about World War Two. If, on the other hand, you like a good cloak-and-dagger battle adventure you'll really go ape over this one. It's suspenseful blood-curdling saga, has so many people dying in it that they hired an undertaker as technical advisor. There's also dramatic conflict but this is be-

cause each of the players tries to steal the picture from the others. Heading the huge international cast are Stewart Granger from England, Raf Vallone from Italy, Mia Massini from Yugoslavia, Henry Silva from America and Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes from Endsville. One reason there's so much conflict is that nobody understands what the other is talking about. To add to the confusion, an offbeat role has Mickey Rooney playing the part of a demolition expert. At first you think this is ridiculous casting until you remember he's been connected with a lot of bombs in the past. Interesting rumor has it that the reason they made this movie was because they had about two hours of footage left over from *The Longest Day*. Nevertheless, it's a costly movie that was made entirely on location in Yugoslavia for the purpose of stressing realism, photographing backgrounds and mainly—saving taxes. This Corman Company Presentation for United Artists Release was filmed in living color—except for the death scenes at the end. When Your SICK Reviewer went to see this movie there was a tremendous line around the block. This is because around the block they were showing the Beatles' movie. Despite this, *The Secret Invasion* is a standout picture. It's a living monument to the brave men who made it all possible—namely, the producers of the picture. 'Nuff said? Let's get on with the story . . .



Simon Says
hands on guns,
PLACE!

The movie begins with a secret rendezvous between Yugoslav partisans and a group of Allied commandos headed by Major Mace (STEWART GRANGER) who is so tough the chip on his shoulder is a two-by-four. With him are five dangerous criminals released from prisons in different countries to carry out a dangerous mission against the Nazis. They are Saval (WILLIAM CAMPBELL), an art thief who goofed one day when he tried to sell the Mona Lisa painting he stole; Simon Fell (EDD BYRNES), a forger whose last job was so great he signed his name to it; Durrell (HENRY SILVA), an assassin who didn't read the fine print in his last "contract"; Scanlon (MICKEY ROONEY), a bomb expert who really blew his last job and Rocca (RAF VALLONE), a criminal mastermind who brazenly tried to smuggle a herd of elephants past customs. Together they will embark on such a suicidal mission that the Army cancels their life insurance policies.

At a farmhouse the partisan leader, Marko (PETER COE), explains their mission. They are to rescue an Italian General named Quadri (ENZO FIERMONTE) who is being held prisoner by the Germans. Quadri was the Commander of the Italian occupation forces who suddenly went over to the Allied side after getting sour on the Krauts. Old "Sour-Kraut Quadri" they now call him. The partisans want him to aid their cause. Quadri is an old guerilla fighter and the countryside is full of old guerillas. Mainly they want him because he knows Gina Lollabrigida's phone number. Trouble is, Quadri is being held in the heavily guarded fortress of Dubrovnik. The walls there are so thick when you walk outside you're in the next town. And it's a real tough prison. The guards live in solitary confinement. In fact, to get into this prison you have to escape from another prison. This is the problem our heroes face—not the problem of the prison but the one of the story line.

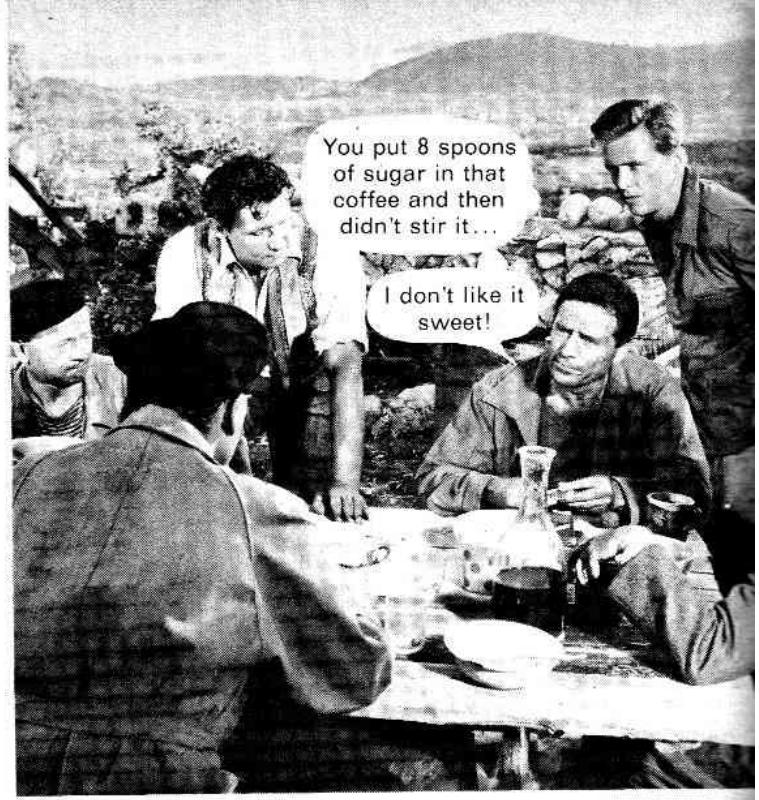


Reluctant to go at first, the boys reconsider when they meet one of the partisans who will tag along. She is Mila (MIA MASSINI), a beautiful young widow who's all heart—you can tell by the low-cut dresses she wears. This girl looks like a million and is just as hard to make. The boys find this out in the first scene with her but it's too late to call Central Casting for a new girl partisan. Besides, she risks her life right off by leading Durrell through the town right under the noses of the Nazi Guards. Luckily they were the Elite Guard and their noses were snootily up in the air. Durrell feels she should be given a medal but gets slapped when he tries to pin it on her chest. To complicate matters Mila has a baby with her. To complicate matters further the baby has to be changed during the ordeal.

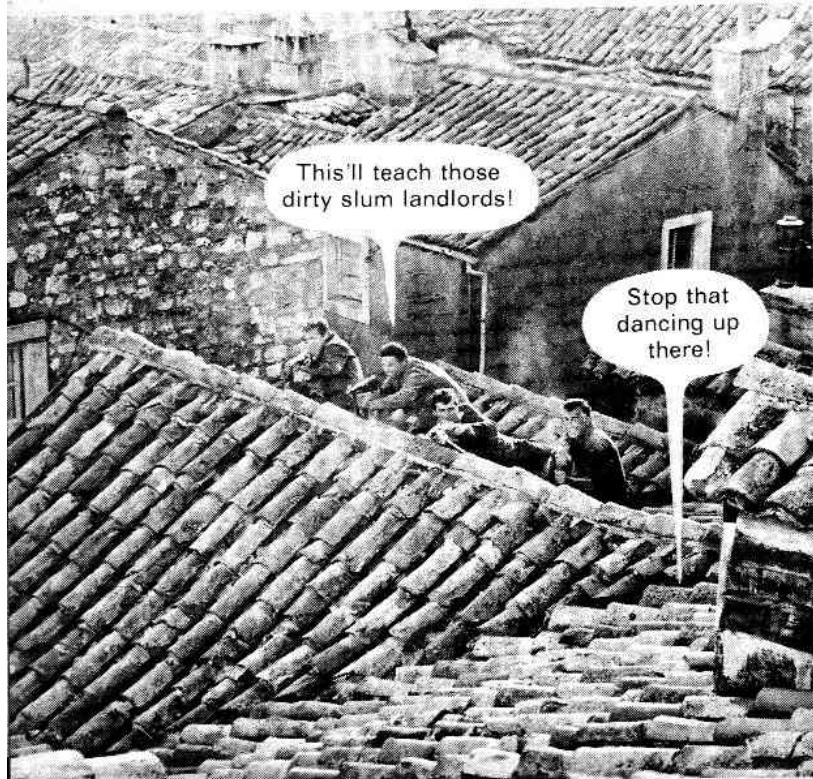


This'll teach those dirty slum landlords!

Stop that dancing up there!



The Germans soon get wind of the presence of the Commandos who haven't bathed in months. Picking up the scent of their trail the Germans trap them on the rooftops of the city and the next few minutes are filled with ear-shattering noises of all kinds. Most of the noises are from the creaky rooftops which almost drown out the heavy artillery. This is a big and costly scene as the boys battle against overwhelming odds. To make our heroes' stand even more heroic they even throw in some Nazis from another picture yet. Soon there's so much confusion that the same guy dies twice. When the smoke clears, however, the Germans have won as their contract says that it's their turn.



The boys are taken prisoner by the Germans and brought to the fortress of Dubrovnik. There the German Commander asks them what they were doing in the area and Major Mace flippantly replies they were in the neighborhood and thought they'd drop in. Immediately the German Commander throws him into solitary—not because he won't talk but he tells old jokes. Further enraged, the Germans interrogate Simon Fell and when he won't talk they torture him. They begin by covering up all the mirrors in the room and taking away his comb. When this doesn't work they beat him up and return him to his cell, still bleeding from the wounds. To stop the flow of blood Major Mace applies a tourniquet but it makes him turn blue. It seems the Major inadvertently applied the tourniquet around his neck. Despite this, they soon get him back to shape and know he's fully recovered when he starts acting Kookie again.



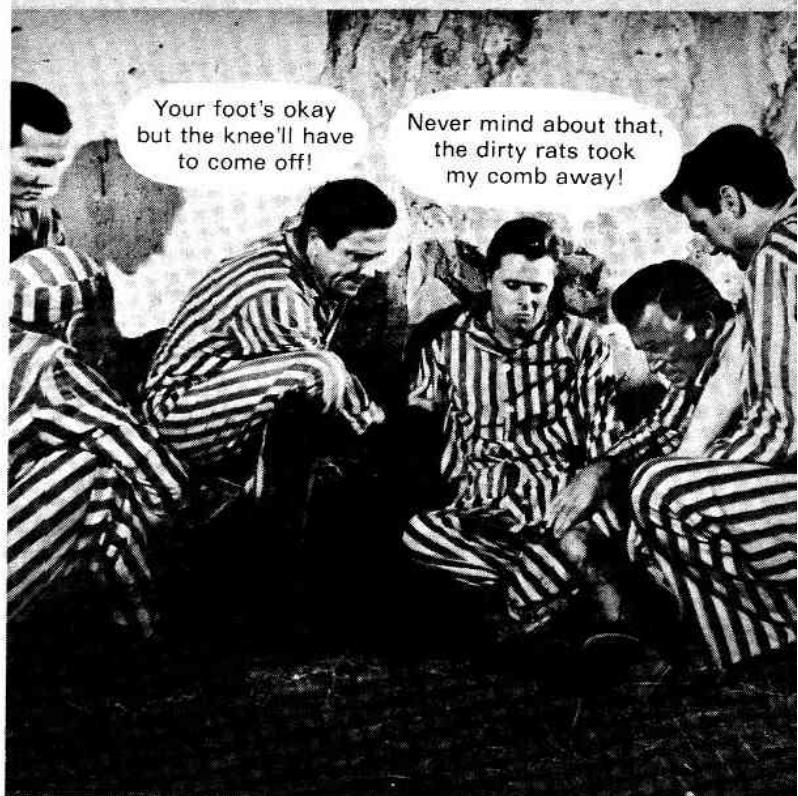
After a lot of horsing around they finally succeed in freeing the General. At first he doesn't want to make the break as he figures his parole might be coming through. The boys talk him out of it by showing him pictures of Yugoslavian girls and right away he makes for the door. The escape isn't easy however, and in the end some of the boys give up their lives so that Rocca and Durrell can get the General to safety behind the partisan lines. After going to all this trouble and getting him there they suddenly discover that the General is an imposter. Not only is he a full-fledged Nazi but he's the President of an Erich Von Stroheim Fan Club. Needless to say, by this time Rocca and Durrell are just plain disgusted as is most of the audience.



Abbe-Shmabbe, run out and get me a corned beef sandwich!

Your foot's okay but the knee'll have to come off!

Never mind about that, the dirty rats took my comb away!

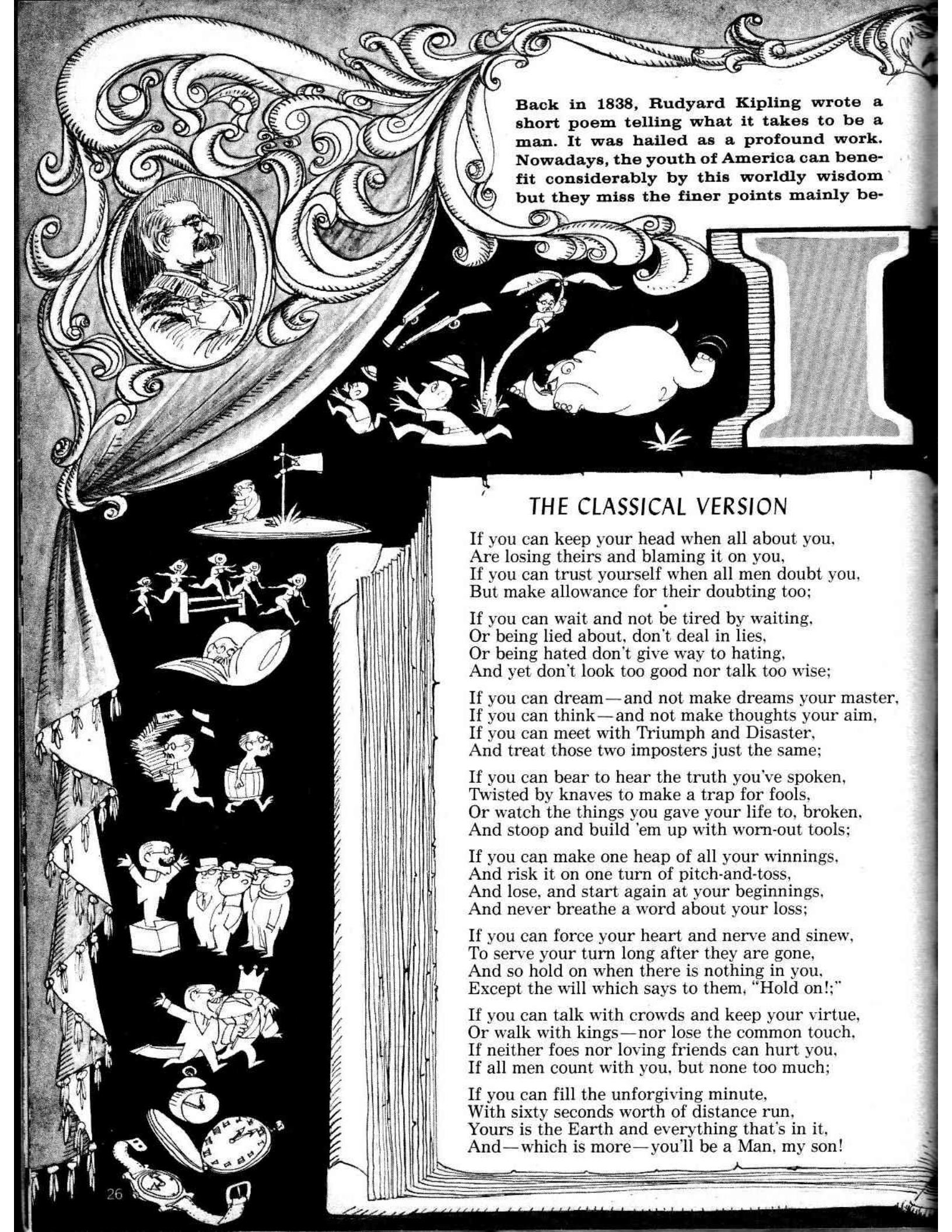


Quick! Get Governor Wallace on the phone!



It is left to Durrell, the assassin, to come up with a real killer of an idea. He puts on a German uniform and in full view of a crowd of Yugoslavian patriots, shoots the imposter and shouts "Sieg Heil!" This he figures will kill two birds with one stone. As it turns out he is right. The patriots are unaware of the deception and, thinking Durrell has flipped his wig, shoot him down. This leaves Rocca to carry on the fight for freedom alone. If you want to know how he goes about doing it you'll have to go see the picture. Better still, go see Yugoslavia. As reports have it, he's still doing it there!





Back in 1838, Rudyard Kipling wrote a short poem telling what it takes to be a man. It was hailed as a profound work. Nowadays, the youth of America can benefit considerably by this worldly wisdom but they miss the finer points mainly be-



THE CLASSICAL VERSION

If you can keep your head when all about you,
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on!";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

cause they don't understand them, the poem is not written in the popular jargon of today. Therefore, in order to give everyone an opportunity to take advantage of the major poet's magnificent advice, we have commissioned the minor poet, Paul Laikin, to translate...



THE COOL VERSION

If you can come on cool when cats around you,
Are coping pleas and latching them on you,
If you can swing alone when hipsters bug you,
But play it hip and dig their action too;

If it's a drag but you lay low and make it,
Or some fink hangs you up, and you don't flip,
Or when put down, like, jive and try to fake it,
And yet don't blow too wild or sound too hip;

If you can take or leave those crazy snooze licks,
If all that pseudo jazz don't rattle you,
If you can groove the uncool and the cool kicks,
And play it down the line with both those two;

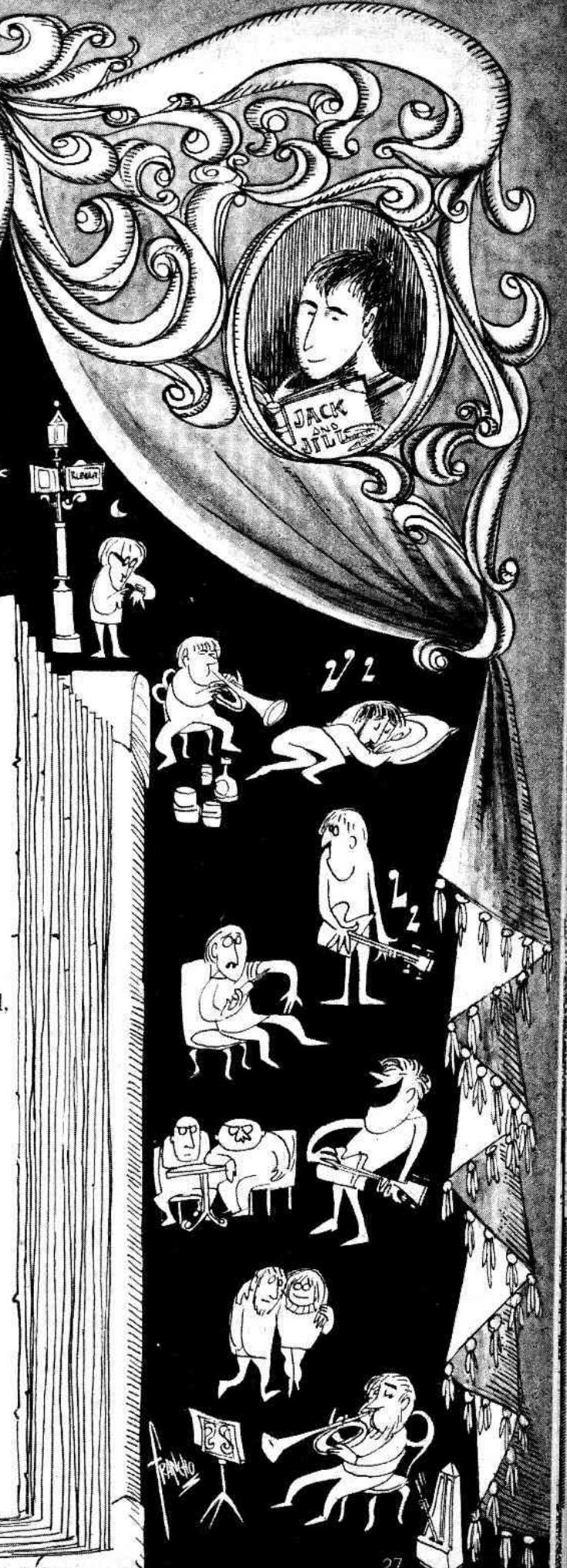
If you're not dragged to catch the blues you've sounded,
Flattened by studs to make the scene for hacks,
Or pipe the kicks that you were on, get grounded,
And come on big and pick up with your ax;

If you can stash together all your bread, Man,
And put it on a long shot to like hit,
And goof, but not make out like you are dead, Man,
And never clue the cats in on the bit;

If you got guts and try to keep on singing,
Like even though your gaskets start to drool,
And like stay hip when nothing in you's swinging,
Except the noise which says, "Oh, Dad, be cool!";

If you have jived with studs so that they dug you,
Or messed with brass—and had no eyes to boast,
If neither squares or groovy chicks can bug you,
If all cats swing with you, but none the most;

If you can make your horn blow every minute,
With sixty bars of jazz from out your chops,
The scene is yours and all the action in it,
And—like what's more—you'll be a Hipster, pops!

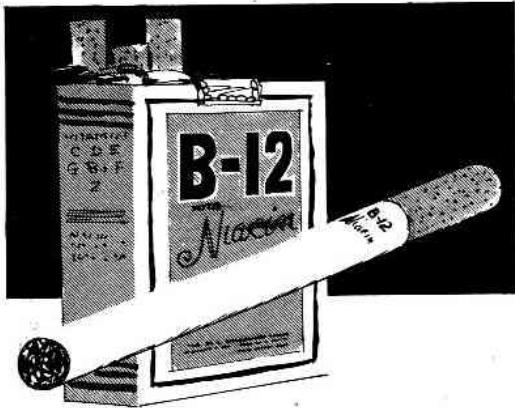


Despite the amazing advances of Science, the frightening accuracy of computers, other machines that can measure objects within one-millionth of an inch, things will continue to be just as fouled-up in the future. This will be due to a condition of Man that will be with us in all the foreseeable years called

Script by Eli Cass

CLOD ITIS

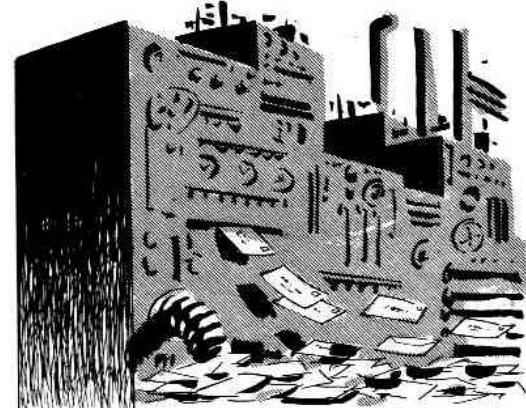
To illustrate, read...



Year 1969. Cigarettes have now been improved so amazingly, they not only no longer cause Cancer, but actually give you the daily needed requirements of vitamins.

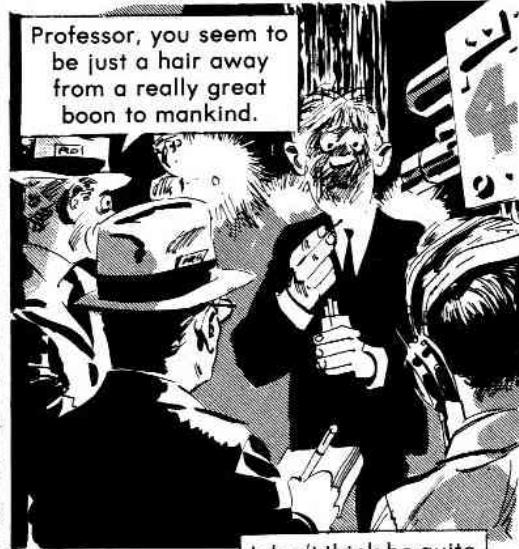


Year 1970. The first complete liver transplant is performed at a local hospital. It is entirely successful except for one little thing.

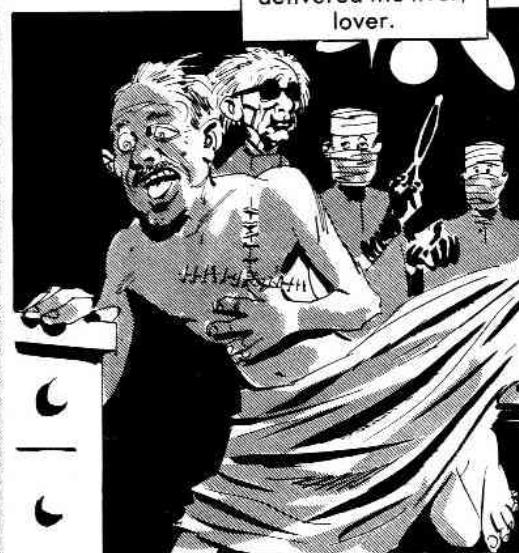


Year 1971. Mail is now delivered to any part of the country in a matter of minutes, thanks to fantastic electronic methods and machines.

However, the myopic mastermind who perfected this amazing butt, and is about to light up the first one for the press, misses—and lights up his moustache, instead.



I don't think he quite delivered the liver, lover.



You're placing Jones' letter into the Smith box.

It's always been tough for me to keep up with the Joneses.

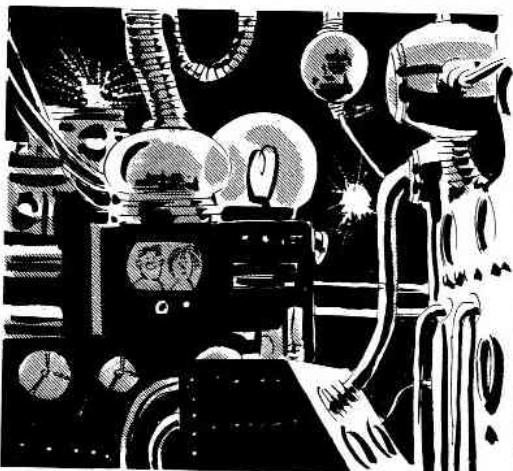
But mailmen are still mailmen. One in N.Y., is holding a still-warm letter that was mailed in L.A. six minutes before, and is, of course, putting it in the wrong box.





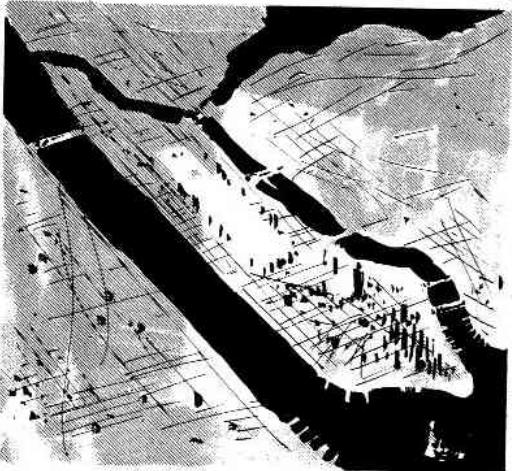
Year 1972; a track event in the Olympics, the 1600 meter relay. The French relay runners have trained their bodies for this one event for years, with the aid of the most advanced ideas in physical fitness,

However, being farsighted, he fails to recognize his own teammate, and tries to pass off the baton to a member of the New Zealand team, instead.



Year 1975. Computers, fed with the latest information obtained from eugenics, biology and psychology, start an era of perfect marriages by mating absolutely-suited men and women.

But on the day of one ceremony, a near-sighted Justice of the Peace, his glasses mislaid, takes the hand of the bridegroom and joins it with the hand of the best man, instead of with the hand of the bride.



Year 1977. With ultra-modern electronic equipment, huge earth-digging machines and computerized answers, two lone workmen are digging a new Manhattan East-West tunnel, starting at different ends and meeting in the middle on the same day, without disrupting traffic.

However, one workman believing that he's unscrewing the top to his vacuum bottle of coffee, grabs a shiny knob that goofed up the whole project, causing him to come up on a sidestreet in Chinatown.



Primers are always written for kids when they're in their first childhood but there's never been one for kids the second time around—namely when they reach the age of senility and it starts all over again, like this...

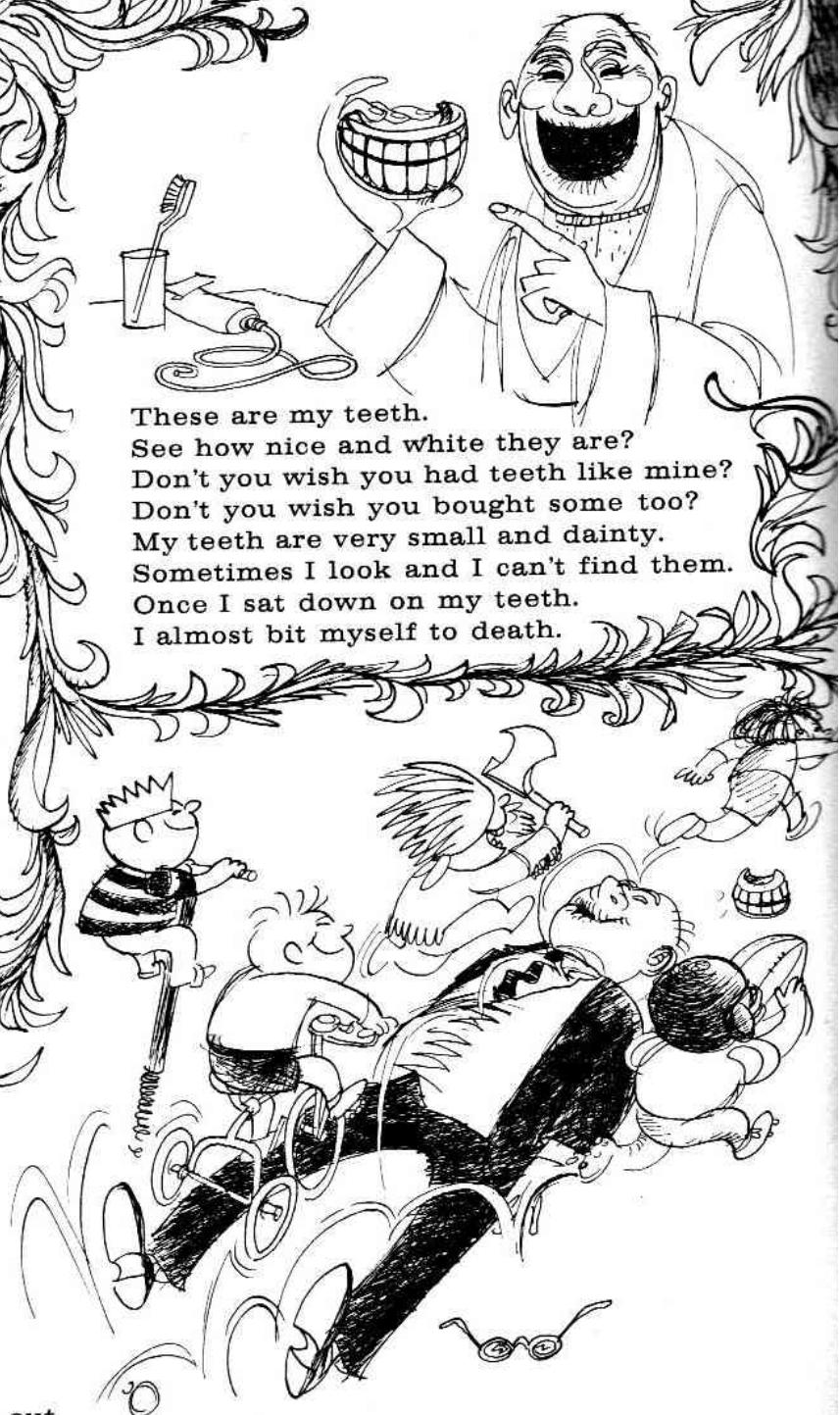
PRIMER FOR A

Look at the pretty rocker!
It is my pretty rocker.
I can sit for hours on end.
Rock, rock, rock.
I love my pretty rocker.
I love to sit on my rocker.
I love to rock on my rocker.
I never want to be off my rocker.



See the little children?
They are my little grandchildren.
They run and jump up on my knee.
They laugh and climb up on my lap.
They scream and pile up on my back.
I love it when they come to play.
I hate it when they go away.
Because that's when I can't straighten out.

These are my teeth.
See how nice and white they are?
Don't you wish you had teeth like mine?
Don't you wish you bought some too?
My teeth are very small and dainty.
Sometimes I look and I can't find them.
Once I sat down on my teeth.
I almost bit myself to death.



This is my gold watch.
My company gave it to me.
I worked there for fifty years.
They should have given me a calendar.
What can I do with a watch?
At my age I don't need one.
I asked them what I should do with it.
They told me.

SECOND CHILDHOOD

Script by Paul Laikin
Art by Arnold Franchioni

FOR KIDDIES OVER 90

My, what have we here?
It is a hot water bag!
I play with my hot water bag.
It is my favorite toy.
I always keep it at my side.
I take it to bed with me at night.
It's the only thing that keeps me warm.
What else?

See the pretty underwear?
These are my longjohns.
I wear them to keep me warm.
I just itch to put them on.
Nobody knows about my longjohns.
I keep it a secret.
See the trap door in the back?
That is my hideout.



See the lovely letter?

It is a letter from my son.

He writes me every week.

He is the good son.

He should live and be well.

I like getting letters from my son.

I like to hear from him.

Even if it's only a couple of dollars.



Oh, what have we here?

It is a bowl!

What is in the bowl?

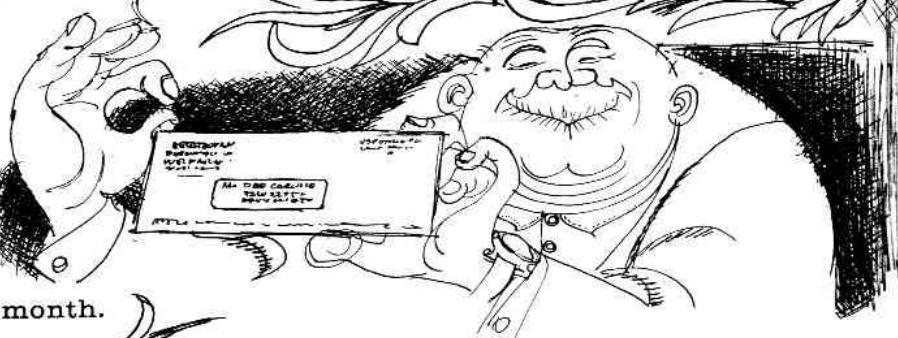
It is my medicine.

It is better than the doctor's medicine.

See how it sparkles and shines?

It will cure me of all my ills.

It is chicken soup.



This is my Social Security check.

I get one every month.

It cost me a lot to collect now.

I paid in a lot of money.

I paid in a thousand dollars.

I paid in for fifty years.

Now they are paying me back.

They are giving me forty dollars a month.



This is a telephone.

It rings all the time.

I go over and pick it up.

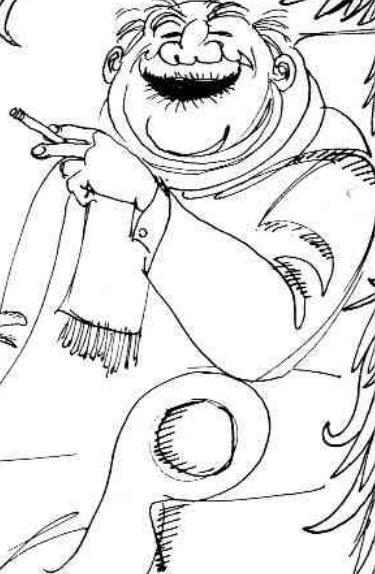
It is not for me.

I walk away very sad.

Did you ever hear anything like it?

I never heard anything like it.

A son shouldn't call up once a week?



This is a cigarette.

I smoke a lot of them each day.

My doctor told me to give them up.

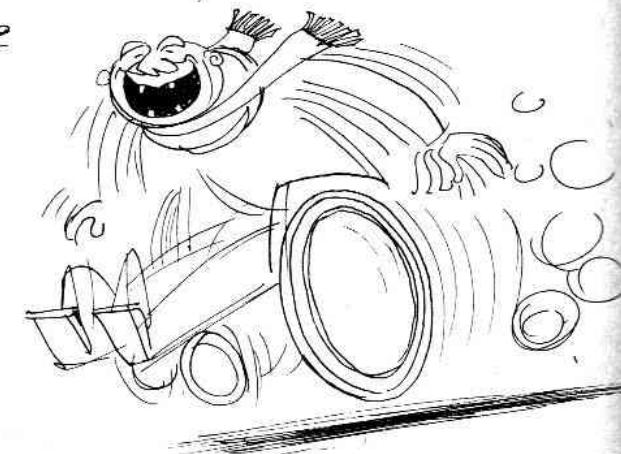
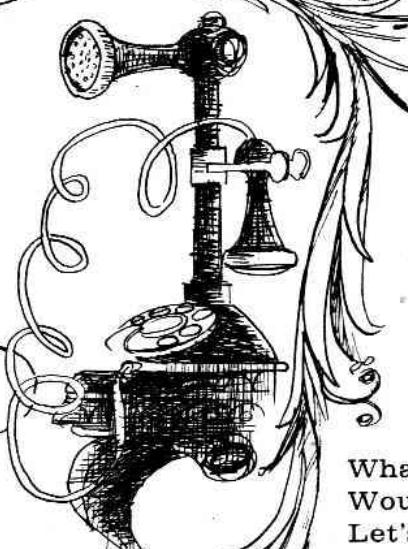
Instead I gave my doctor up.

He said that I would surely die.

This was twenty years ago.

My doctor never smoke nor drank.

He looked good at his funeral.



What a pretty wheelchair!

Wouldn't you like to sit on it?

Let's go riding down the hall.

Ride, ride, ride.

I like to play with my wheelchair.

But I don't really need one.

It's just nice to have around.

If I want to move from one place to another.

See the crowd of people?
They are always in the park.
They just sit around and talk.
Talk, talk, talk.

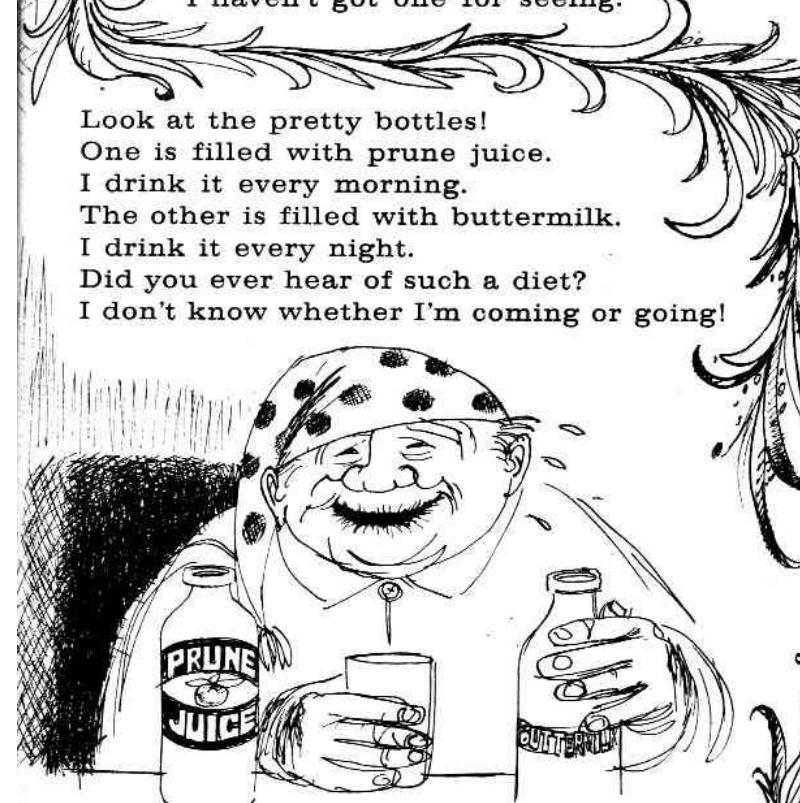
Sometimes they sit and play checkers.
Sometimes they sit and just look.
I don't like to play with them.
They're a bunch of old fogies.



These are my bi-focals.
I have lots of different kinds.
Lots, lots, lots.
I have one for reading.
I have one for writing.
I even have pairs for walking and eating.
Still it doesn't help me.
I haven't got one for seeing.

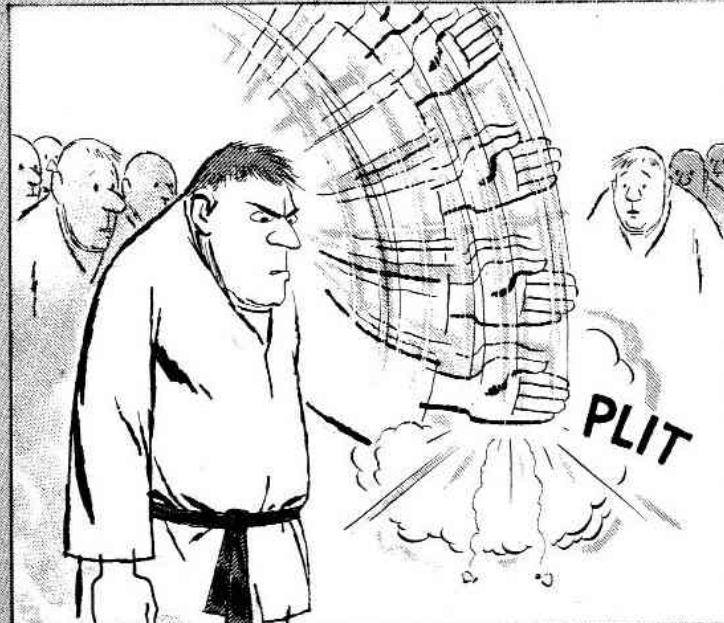
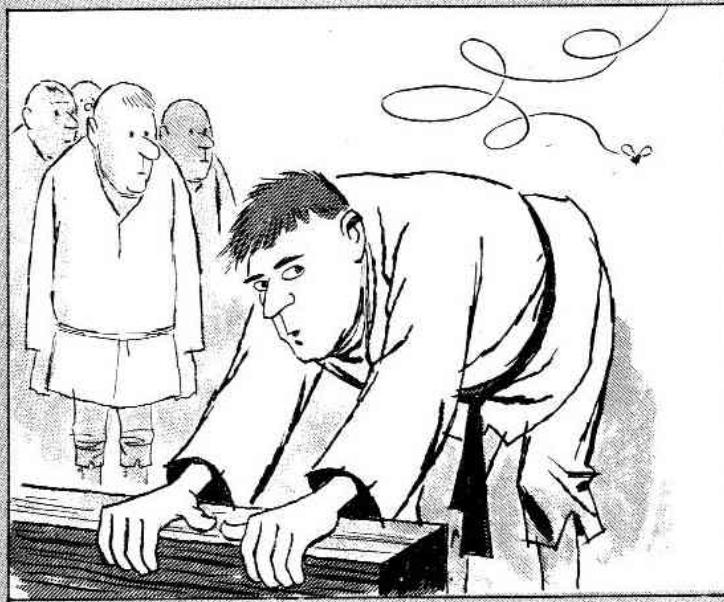
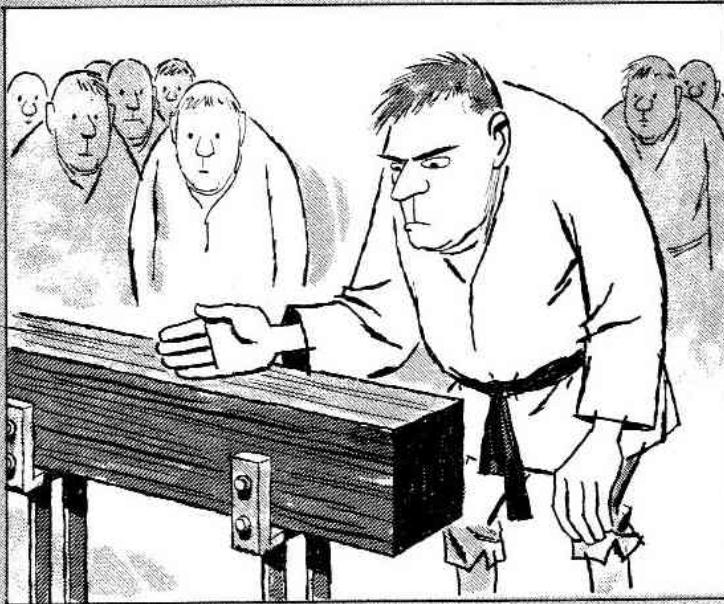
This is an old folk's home.
It has lots of lovely things.
It has ping pong and television.
And game rooms and movies.
It must be fun to play in there.
I have never been inside.
My children told me about it.
They're the ones I live with now.

Look at the pretty bottles!
One is filled with prune juice.
I drink it every morning.
The other is filled with buttermilk.
I drink it every night.
Did you ever hear of such a diet?
I don't know whether I'm coming or going!



This is my hairpiece.
I wear it when I go to town.
It makes me look years younger.
It makes me look sixty again.
I also have new teeth and a glass eye.
And padding in all my clothing.
I want to make a good appearance.
I want people to like me for myself.

Karate



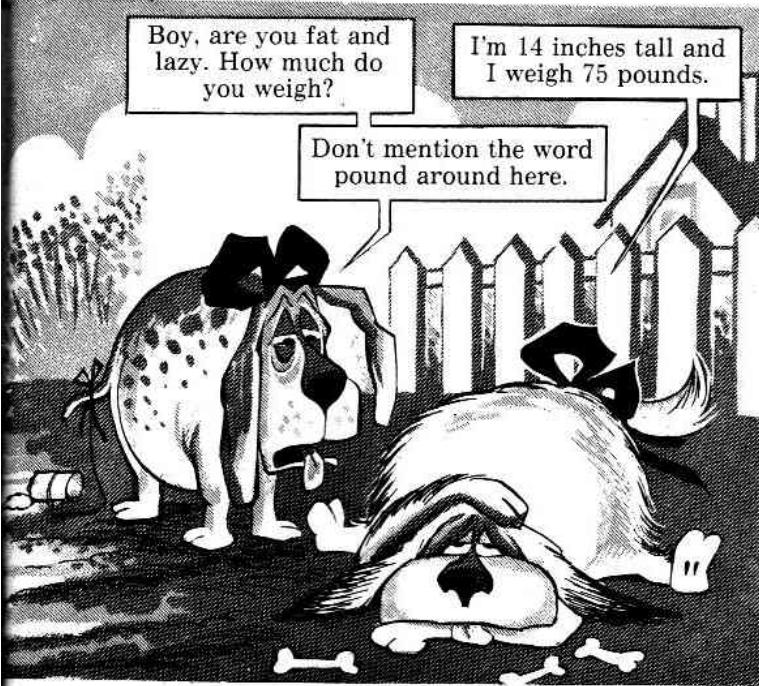
Fat Pets are Bad Pets

NEWS ITEM — The managing director of the Anti-cruelty Society, J. J. Shafer, of Chicago, says that pets are getting fat and suffer from overeating and living the soft city life. The story also says that table scraps aren't fit for a dog. If animals could discuss this they would probably have the following discussion.

Boy, are you fat and lazy. How much do you weigh?

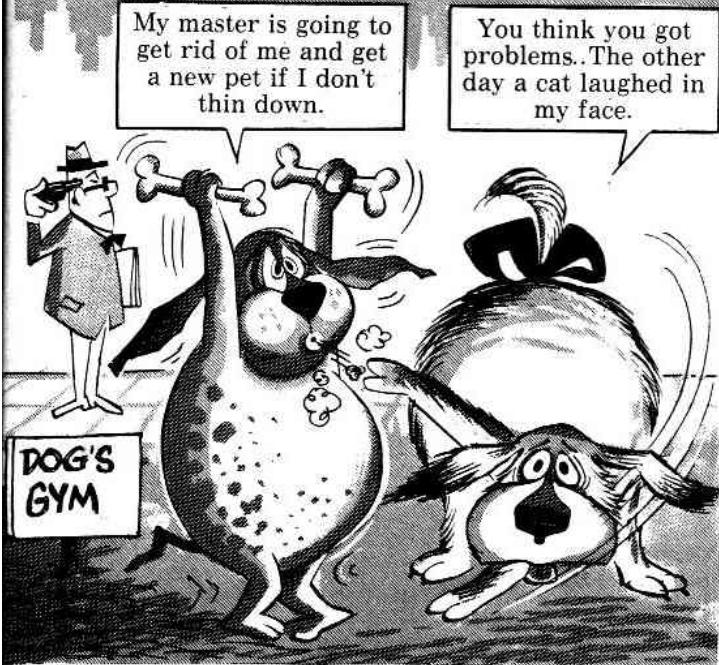
I'm 14 inches tall and I weigh 75 pounds.

Don't mention the word pound around here.



My master is going to get rid of me and get a new pet if I don't thin down.

You think you got problems.. The other day a cat laughed in my face.



Here's what we need. It's a new product for dieting dogs.

Great, what do they call it?

Petrical.



ADVERTISING

Tiger, Tiger burning bright... The way you appear in ads gives me a fright. While we are being overrun by tigers on television selling gas and with tigers staring at us menacingly from newspaper and magazine advertisements, it is time to give other animals equal time. Although it may not seem that way, there is plenty of work for other animals. Because...

ANIMALS ARE CHEAPER THAN MODELS



Now There Are Two BLACK & WHITE Vodka's for Dogs

One is black, one is white

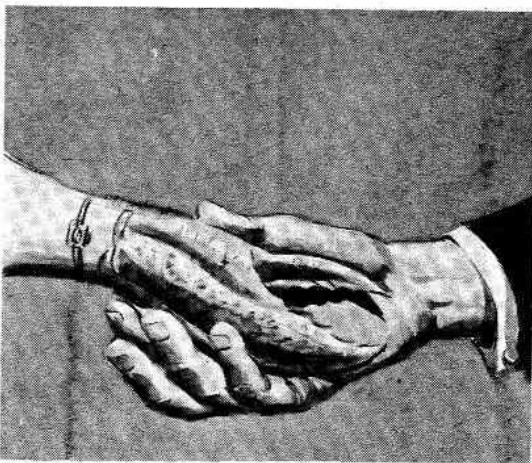


Does your dog drink? That's the thing now, dogs drinking, tigers drinking. It's the pressure of the advertising business. Your dog doesn't have to smell like a drunk. Give him either our black or white vodka. They are both identical, except the black vodka has black coloring in it, giving us two products to sell, rather than just one. Otherwise what sense would it make to use black and white dogs to advertise vodka?

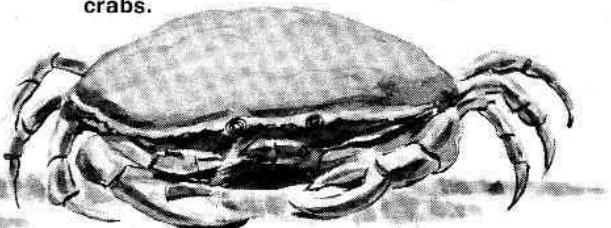
LET ME
PUT A TANK
IN YOUR TIGER



Don't be a CRAB!



Does your hand feel rough and bloody and bruised? Are you embarrassed because your hands are so rough? Well, no wonder, if you go around shaking hands with crabs all the time. If you are really embarrassed, use Jiggers lotion and your hand will slip out of the crab's grasp before it is crushed. If you are really embarrassed, try Black and White Vodka and you won't care if you are embarrassed. However, we think you must be drunk already, going around shaking hands with crabs.



Come Alive... You're in the Vodka Generation!



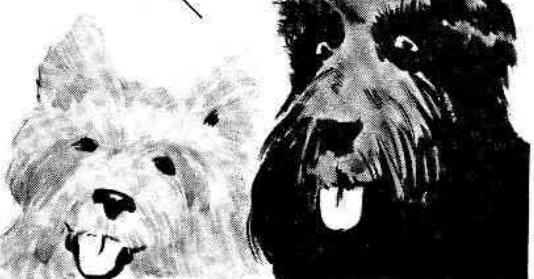
He's dead.
If you must
drink,
don't ride.



Black and White
Vodka has the
taste that's right.



THAT'S
RIGHT!



It was a weird party they gave for Weirdo Cartoonist Charles Addams. Guests wore the garb of Addams' cartoon characters.

There was a real hearse with six pallbearers which brought a present...a coffin with one of the guests in it.

There was a seven *corpse* dinner featuring *hearse-radish*, Bloody Marys and ice-cold *bier*...All that from the menu.

CIA Chief McCone has suggested that computers be used to help keep tab on spies and other things too secret to mention here.

Bernie Yudain says the first one will probably be called Private Eye-Bee-Em.

A former assistant press secretary to Sen. Goldwater (you remember him, Bill Miller's friend) name of Vic Gold commented on ordering one thousand "We Want Dean" buttons in support of Dean Burch. Before the buttons could be delivered Dean resigned. Said Gold when asked what he planned to do with the buttons: "Now I've got to go with Rusk, Acheson, or Dizzy. I've got to find a Dean." I suggest he get in touch with that famous writer, Dean Bird.

Stolen Ideas: Anybody who has to be led into temptation shouldn't be allowed to enjoy it...A guy told me his wife used to be a very charming person before he joined Alcoholics Anonymous..... Television is great, they even laugh at the jokes for you.

Come, let us talk of important comedians...Soupy Sales. Funny. I never watched him until I read an article about him and then I was sold. He does the mouse...that's a new rock & roll dance nobody knows about but him. He throws pies. I like people who throw pies. Bring back pie-throwing, that's what I always say. Slapstick comedy is great. People like it, although they want to fake it, and act like they like sophisticated comedy. Grown-ups are really the people who watch kiddie shows.

Everybody is picking the 10 top movies of last year. I wish they'd pick some movies for this year. Judith Christ, N.Y. Herald Tribune, picked "Dr. Strangelove, Or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb" as number one. The New York Times picked "Dr. Strangelove" as the top movie also. That was strange, that the Times now loves that movie. Their reviewer panned it.



Art by Angelo Torres



How do you like electricians? With limburger and garlic? Well, an electrician who works for the government (he turns out lights) has been a helper for 15 years, never getting a promotion. When he went through channels to find out why, a one-sentence report came from his supervisor: "He eats limburger cheese and garlic sandwiches for lunch." Think about that. Fifteen years of eating those sandwiches. Actually, he may have had a reason. Maybe he worked in the dark (you know fixing lights that didn't work) and he didn't want people to run into him.

Tough Luck Dept.—Someone (or a gang of someones) stole a stack of money from the U.S. Secret Service in Indianapolis, Ind. That someone is going to get into trouble. The money was counterfeit.

A New Yorker has figured out a way to get back at cab drivers who won't pick you up because they have their off-duty signs down. He hails a taxi. When the driver stops he pulls a sign out from under his coat which says: "Sorry, off duty."

Jacobus Van Dyn, one of those speakers in London's Hyde Park, has a way to keep his audience entertained. He was a wrestler... had himself tattooed all over and became a big draw.

But now he lectures from a dirty soap box in Hyde Park, talking on criminology. His talks are based on practical knowledge. He has had experience delivering bootleg whiskey.

If people don't like his speeches they can look at his tattooed head.

This is another true story. I will send proof on request.

You hear a lot about wild designers these days. But, a student at the University of _____ (readers can fill in the blank and become involved) wore an evening gown that was strapless, topless, bottomless and backless for two years. At least that's what she thought it was. She found out it was a belt. I wonder who told her?

What's the world's oldest profession? According to the Monument Builders of North America it's selling tombstones. That fact was uncovered during the MBNA's annual convention in Washington, D.C. They also report that tombstones are more decorative than ever before.

It happened in Laytonsville, Maryland... The firehouse, built 40 years ago, burned to the ground, destroying four fire trucks and an ambulance. The fuel from the trucks fed the flames. The cause of the fire was undetermined.

Dateline Tittleshall, England... A landlord didn't raise the rent, he raised the roof. Tenant Lennis Sutton wouldn't raise the money to pay the rent and that's how it all started. The landlord took the roof of the house. He said: "I don't see why I should pay to keep a roof over the man's head when he doesn't pay rent." The landlord says he will knock the entire house down from around Sutton when he gets the time. This is another true one.

The man whose books led the best-seller lists for many years, Erskine Caldwell, says a real writer is stuck and can't prevent writing from being thrust upon him. He says a writer's best friend is luck. Caldwell has written 40 books. Caldwell wrote the first book about the evils of tobacco—*Tobacco Road*.



At the end of "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." there is a note of thanks to "The United Nations Committee on Law Enforcement." There's no such organization. This makes this a spoof of a spoof.

Here is a story from "Sundial" which bills itself as the "World's Funniest College Magazine":

"An elderly man of convivial habits was hauled before a judge. 'You're charged with being intoxicated and disorderly,' snapped the judge. 'Have you anything to say?'

"'Man's inhumanity to man makes thousand mourn,' began the accused in the flight of oratory. 'I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so demented as Tennyson, so vulgar as Shakespeare—'

"'That'll do,' interrupted the judge. 'Seven days, and officer, take down those names he mentioned and round 'em up. I think we're on to something big.'"

This letter was printed in a Baltimore Newspaper:

"Sir: I have never written to the papers before but feel compelled at this time to compliment you on your reporting of the news. When I read in your January 28 issue that President Johnson blew his nose on a handkerchief while talking to reporters, I felt someone should compliment you on this noteworthy event. What in the world would have happened if a handkerchief had not been available? Do, please, keep up the good reporting." Signed by M.K. Wright of Bel Air, Md.

I wonder why nobody ever writes letters like that to SICK?



I know I said freeze,
but this is not
what I meant.

HOW TO PHOTOG



Photographs are what you have to take before you get them. I think that sums it up.

People who take photographs are called photographers, or burglars, depending on whose pictures they take.

If you want to travel over the world, have lovely girls ask you to photograph them, see history before it is, you won't be much of a photographer. You'll be too busy.

In becoming a photographer you must know much more than photography. You must be a scientist of sorts. For example, you must know that two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked --- Or the isosceles of a right triangle is no good if all the legs aren't the same length. If some are too short, they won't reach the ground and you will take diamond-shaped pictures.

In this field you must start from the ground up. First, get a good tripod. Cost? Well, four foot tripods are about \$10. Six foot tripods are a little higher.

Photographers can become rich and famous. A movie has been made about a photographer. It's called "Quick, Before It Melts," and stars Robert Morse and George Maharis. They go to the Antarctic to take pictures of Little America because they only have a miniature camera.

The photographers who have the most fun are magazine and newspaper photographers. A newspaper photographer once went up to Miss Little America and said: "Hello, I'm a newspaper man." She answered, touching his cheek, "That's funny, I thought it was skin."

When you take pictures of beautiful models, you will need a model release. This is now standard procedure because a lot of photographers were keeping the models and wouldn't release them.

Here's a tip: Always photograph a girl's best features. For example, if a girl is so bow-legged that she can get out of both sides of a car at the same time, take pictures of her feet. I guess I fooled you, you thought I was going to say something about Mitzi Gaynor, didn't



BE A RAPHER

by Jim Atkins

you? If you can find a joke here, that's fine, but I just mentioned her name because I think she should run for Governor of California against Ronald Reagan. I say this because a lot of people in pictures are getting into politics. Reagan says he always wanted to get into politics. Pierre Salinger says he always wanted to get into pictures.

One of the most famous photographers of this day is Clark Realworth. He once did a 15-picture series of a door. He sure got in a jam with his editor.

Here are some other photo tips: When photographing President Johnson, don't use bulbs. Be sure to get a light meter. A heavy meter will be too hard to carry.

There are dangers in photography. So many photographers have been beaten up while covering stories that a new television series is going into production. It will be called: "Beat the Press."

Gosh, the first photographs of the missing link between animals and civilized man.

Does he mean the seal?

No, he means us.



Career Planning

Don't you think these seats are too close to the screen?



The next good sunny day for taking photographs will be in six months?



Simon Says:

Results of the SICK SURVEY

A few months ago we here at SICK conducted a Survey to find out once and for all what kind of a mad-man reads SICK. What can we tell you we were swamped with so many letters that our mailman got a hernia. We got replies from all over the world and some that looked like they came from outer space. One joker even sent in a postcard from Atlantis. Since SICK is published in France, Belgium, Denmark and Sweden we got mail in all kinds of languages including dirty. When all of these letters were sorted and read and interpreted and analyzed one thing stood out from all the others. One fact was evident in all that maze. One conclusion was clearly seen and felt. Namely, that we knew as much about our readership then as we did before we took the Survey!

By this we mean you never saw such a complete cross-section of different types and preferences since basic training in the Army. In trying to find the typical SICK reader we came up with a big nothing—and you can finish the punch line yourself! What kind of a mad-man reads SICK? If we drew a composite picture we'd have a cross between a he and a she, an age between eight and eighty, an I.Q. between twenty and one hundred sixty and a general sophistication between Noel Coward and Huckleberry Fink. In fact, about the only thing our readers have in common is the two bits to buy this magazine. And even there some of them steal it off the stand!

Nevertheless the Survey did reveal a few interesting sidelights. For example, many readers reported they saw material from SICK on several TV Shows, among them *That Was The Week That Was* and *The Jack Paar Show*. Others saw SICK articles in competitive magazines such as *Ratfink*. Still others noticed SICK sketches in Broadway Shows like *The Julius Monk Revue*. One reader even claimed he saw a two-pager from SICK rewritten on a men's room wall in the Bronx. Since our stuff is copyrighted we intend to look into this infringement—that is, if they didn't steal our copyright too!

As to the preferences of our readers, the most popular SICK features seem to be the Movie Spoofs, the News Review Sections, the Magazine Parodies and the Sick Sick World. One wise guy wrote in that the best thing in the book is the indicia—another said we were the funniest magazine since *National Geographic*. And so it went. We got everything in the mail from proposals of marriage to Jack Davis to poison-pen letters for Dee Caruso. About the only thing we didn't receive was a time-bomb package and that was because it exploded in the Post Office!

There is one letter-writer however, who deserves an honorable mention even though he is our toughest critic. He is a teenager from Massachusetts by the name of Bill Murphy. This lad has been a fan of SICK since the first

issue when even the Publisher didn't care for it. He has saved every issue to date which puts us to shame as we here are constantly searching the office to find back issues for reference purposes. And his criticisms of each issue are illuminating in every detail and are always welcome—until the day he starts criticizing the SICK Editors, that is. Bill's latest contribution was to remind us that this is SICK's Fifth Anniversary Issue. A check through our files showed that Bill was right. Therefore, to celebrate this momentous event we're putting out a *Fifth Anniversary Special Issue* featuring the best material from previous issues. This collector's item will be out as soon as we get around to it—which will probably be in time for our next anniversary. At any rate, many thanks to Bill Murphy!

And so, because of the diverse (and perverse) tastes of our readership, we will continue to feature a potpourri of the SICK Scene as we have been doing—only making it bigger and better and sicker in the future. And this column will be our report to you on your report to us. Hereafter we will use this column to discuss articles from the previous issue and give you the lowdown on how they came to be and what gave us the gall to do them. In addition there'll be profiles of the artists and writers who make up SICK. This is in response to many requests—mostly from the artists and writers. Just remember—old Surveys never die and ours won't even fade away.

By the way, acknowledgements will be forthcoming shortly. You know, a couple of issues are in preparation by the time we get mail from a prior issue. You DIDN'T know?

To sum up we quote the SICK philosophy: we're still Number Two so we try harder. We're going to try for better quality until it hertz.

Joe Simon
Editor

SICK is planning a parody of LIFE magazine. As you know LIFE has hundreds of staffers, writers, copy readers, reporters, etc. If you would like to be listed in the masthead of the magazine parody, send us your name and we will consider it. The funniest or most appropriate names will be used. The winners' names will be printed. That's the prize. If you live in a funny town, send it in with your name and we'll run that too. Check the masthead of LIFE and you can even pick your job. Unsigned names will not be used. Send in your name now. This may be your only chance to be listed as an editor. And, when you're listed you can buy 50 copies of SICK and send them to your friends. If your name is selected and you are too cheap to buy a lot of magazines, just tell your friends that your name is listed, and tell them to, "Get SICK."



Simon Says:
Go to
back cover...



MOTION PICTURES

Hollywood is still the Number One target for stage mothers all over the world. Producers are constantly looking for the right types so they can remake the old Shirley Temple movies, Our Gang comedies and Tom Sawyer epics. Take a look at your kid. Does he need a nose job? Caps on his teeth? A whole face-lifting thing? All of these are good investments for his future. Remake your kid into an image that sells. So what if he won't look like his Daddy. If he'll look anything like Butch Jenkins you'll soon be making so much money you'll be able to lose his Daddy and find yourself a better mate.



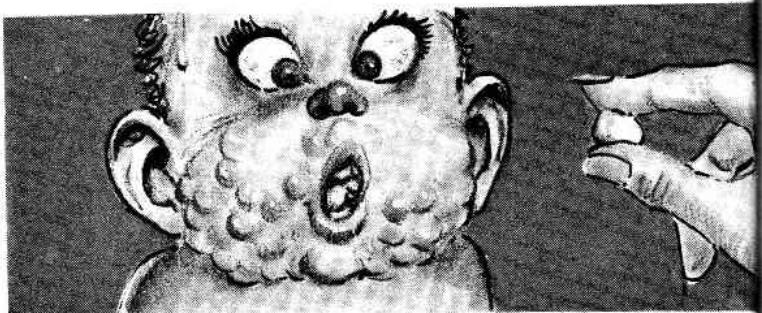
TELEVISION

If you have a little monster in the house you're in luck. With so many monster shows on television you have a good chance of getting yours on—especially if yours looks the part. Keep him out of the sunshine until he turns ghastly pale. Whittling his teeth down to fangs will also help considerably. On the other hand, if your kid is the sickly type he'd be a natural for Ben Casey or Dr. Kildare as they use a lot of kids as patients for story appeal. Mothers have been known to get their kids sick and then go audition. But if you're not the type then wait till yours gets sick and then instead of rushing him to a doctor rush him to the nearest casting office. Pneumonia they can cure but good TV roles you don't get every day.



THE CIRCUS

The Circus is always on the alert for freakish-looking kids. If your child has a beard or is immensely fat or can swallow swords he can probably make it. If you'd rather he work in the great outdoors you can begin by teaching some peculiarity early in life. For example, fire-eating is in great demand. Instead of starting your baby on pablum give him some unlit matches to chew on. Soon after that just light one and he won't know the difference. He'll be begging for more. That's when you're ready to make your move as now you have a hot property.



RADIO

With so many stage mothers trying to crack TV and the movies, radio presents a wide-open field for your moppet. If your kid hates being confined and likes wide-open fields this medium is a natural for him. All your kid has to do is speak clearly. For this you can try shoving pebbles in his mouth. What's more, he doesn't even have to be good-looking. This should be a welcomed relief to most mothers.



There are several other areas of show-business in which you can begin grooming your child. Nightclubs are ideal places since small children are always a novelty there. Operas are fine to start in as soon as he's able to lift a spear. And the world is now ready for a group of rock and roll infants who sing and strum guitars. So come ye one and all. Grab your kids by the arms, the ears, the noses and what have you—and drag them in. If you play your cards right your kid will soon be going places—right to an analyst's couch, that is!

HOW TO BE A STAGE MOTHER

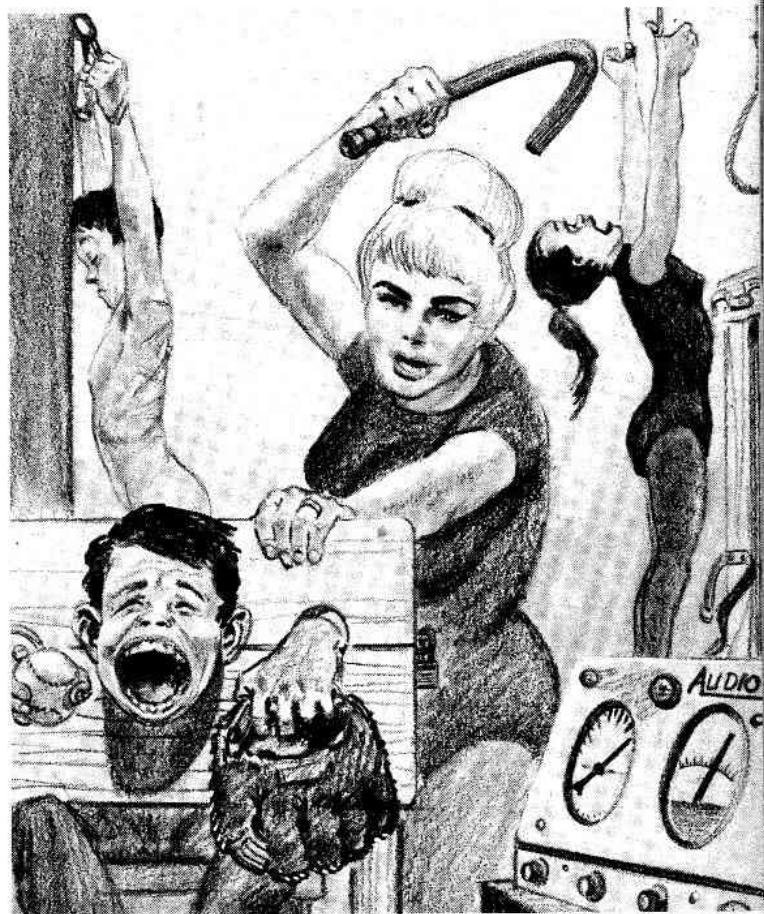
or What To Do If The Little Monster Has Talent

So you see a lot of kids on television making piles of money and you wonder why your little brat just hangs around the house all day without bringing in a dime? Mother, you needn't wonder any longer! You too can be a Stage Mother. It's so easy when you know how. You don't even need a kid with talent. In fact, you don't even need your own kid. Just borrow a neighbor's and you're ready to go. Just follow these helpful hints on how to get your pride and joy into the different fields of show business:

COMMERCIALS



LEGITIMATE THEATRE



Commercials are exceptionally good because with residuals your kid'll probably be able to retire when he's 12. This field is highly specialized. If your kid has a nice smile you can try to get him toothpaste commercials. If the kid has nice hair there's always work in shampoo commercials. Examine your kid closely and see where he shines. Surely there's one part of him that's saleable. There's even a market for infant talcum powder commercials if that's where your kid stands out.

If your kid stays up nights anyway you might try the legitimate theatre—that is, unless your kid isn't legitimate to begin with. Remember—from Broadway it's only a hop, skip and jump to Hollywood and if your kid is good at hopping, skipping and jumping you shouldn't find it too hard. All your kid needs is a loud voice. Letting him scream around the house all day will develop his lungs. For the sake of art, a good stage mother will beat her child continuously to achieve this effect.

MY KIDS WERE DRIVING ME TO AN EARLY GRAVE

AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A DRIVER'S LICENSE



by
Mrs. Ina Glick
Woeis, Me.

What a day! As if I didn't have my hands full with my own six children, my neighbor's four kids were also in the house and when the gang of them get together all pandemonium breaks loose! At one point I was so shaken up I just stood there and screamed but couldn't even hear it as the noise in the room drowned it out. And I couldn't run home to mother as she was living with us at the time. Luckily I sent her to the movies beforehand or else she would have been on my hands, too.

What can I tell you, if it wasn't one thing it was another. First of all, Steven cheesed up all his food on the new rug, then threw Linda down on it. Then Gary and Lisa began throw-

ing plates at each other and hit little Susan on the head. As if this wasn't bad enough Michael set fire to the television set.

Just thinking about it makes me nauseous. Mark wouldn't eat, Ellen wouldn't take her nap and Gregg simply refused to go to the bathroom. And in the middle of it all Denise was throwing a tantrum—lying down on the floor, stomping her feet and howling at the top of her voice. Believe me, it was the most nerve-wracking experience of my life.

Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that this experience isn't unusual—that it sounds like a typical day in the life of a busy mother. You'd be right except for one thing—one little exception that makes my story a grotesque nightmare. The kids I'm describing were not infants—they were all teenagers!

The Correct Thing



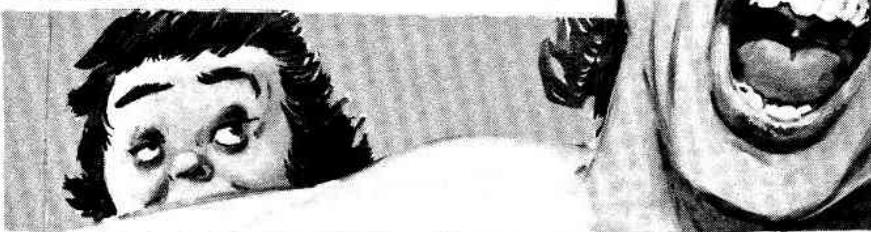
IN SPANNING YOUR CHILD always use the back of the hairbrush as the bristle side may make the hair stand up on end.

THE TOP TEN

MOTHER SONGS

As Revealed In A Recent House-To-House Survey

- You're Driving Me Crazy
- Why Was I Born?
- I Got A Right To Sing The Blues
- Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen
- Feudin', Fightin' and A-Fussin'
- Heartaches
- I Got Plenty O' Nuthin'
- Tired
- What's The Matter With Kids Today?
- Born To Be Bad



IN NEXT ISSUE



ON SALE SOON

- The Dav Whistler's Mother Changed Her Tune
- 52 WAYS TO SHUT UP A SCREAMING INFANT
Without Leaving A Mark Or Bruise
- I Came Home And Found
THE BABYSITTER WAS SITTING ON MY BABY!
- MONSTER SHOWS ARE BIG ON TV
Bring In Your Monster To Audition
- A Whole Month Spent
SEWING NAMETAGS ON CAMP CLOTHING
- CHILDREN SHOULD BE OBSCENE AND NOT HEARD
- What "Mother" Means In Jazz Circles
and other Mother Features

94
FOR THE MOTHER
WHO HAS EVERYTHING
AND STILL WANTS MORE!

WANT TO QUIET
THE CHILDREN
DOWN?



Just the thing to curb their excessive mischief making. If your child runs and jumps too much this will calm him down in no time. Works better than tranquilizers and it isn't habit-forming.

KIDS WON'T
GO TO
SLEEP?



This clever device will do it every time. Just one proper application and you won't hear a sound. They'll jump to your command. A must for peace and quiet in the home.

YOUR LITTLE
ONES GETTING
TOO WILD?



With this handy item they'll conk out right before your very eyes. When used as instructed your little ones will be counting stars in lullaby land before you can even tuck them in.

SO THEY
REFUSE
TO EAT?



Simply slip one of these little items in their next bowl of oatmeal. In a matter of hours they'll start craving for food. They won't be able to get enough down their stomachs. Just watch them grow and grow.

FOR PRICE LIST WRITE TO:
MOTHERS UNLIMITED

New York City

Just add \$879 for postage—
we mail Price List from Siberia!

GIANT MOTHER CONTEST

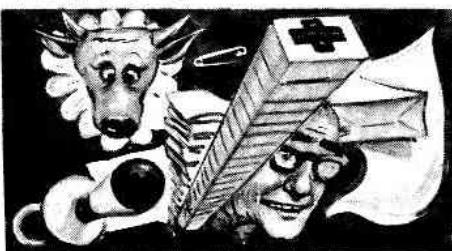
WIN A NEW BABY
FREE

WRITE A CAPTION
FOR THIS PICTURE



Yes, just think of an interesting caption for the above picture, then write it on a five-dollar bill and send it out to us. Winning entry will receive FREE the baby who posed for the picture. It will be left on your doorstep no later than January 1, 1966. That's how we came by it so nobody loses!

**PLUS THESE
FANTASTIC PRIZES:**



- Diaper Service For 20 Years
- 189 Cases Of Talcum Powder
- A Carload of Whitewall Rubber Pacifiers
- A Special Cow That Gives Enfamil
- Dr. Spock At Your Home For 7 Full Days

**ACT NOW! BEFORE
THE BABY WAKES UP!**

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?



Nothing, unless you have a dirty mind. The milkman is really the young boy's father. The man pictured above is only a boarder in the house.

The Perfect Squelch



A distraught mother was desperately trying to get her young son to finish his oatmeal. "Eat, you little monster," she shouted, "eat or I'll kill you!" The boy refused to eat. She yelled again, "eat or I swear I'm gonna kill you!" Again the lad didn't budge. She repeated her threats a few more times screaming at the top of her voice, "Eat I tell you! Eat or I'll kill you!" Still the boy refused. So she killed him!



"What kind of work does your husband do?"



ANY 5 ALBUMS
FREE

WHEN YOU JOIN THE

MOTHER MUSIC OF THE MONTH CLUB

BACKGROUND
MUSIC FOR
FLOGGING KIDS

MOOD MUSIC
FOR
NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS

SONGS FOR
4 A.M. BOTTLE
FEEDINGS

BALLADS TO
GET AGGRAVATED BY

YOU HAUNT MY DREAMS
WHO PUT THE OVERBALL IN
THEIR PANTS?

HITS FOR
WHILE YOU'RE
HOLLERING

INDIAN LOVE CALL
I HEAR YOU CALL...

MUSIC TO MAKE
SACRIFICES BY

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS



MATILDA FINKHEART
Bronx, New York

FOR MAKING 97 SACRIFICES IN ONE DAY FOR HER CHILD THIS AWARD IS HUMBLY BESTOWED. IT IS GIVEN POSTHUMOUSLY AS THE LAST SACRIFICE WAS KILLING HERSELF SO THAT HER CHILD WOULD COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON HER LIFE.

"I can
make a
new
mother
of you
in only
270 days,"

says
CHARLES ATLASS

World's Most
Potently
Developed
Man



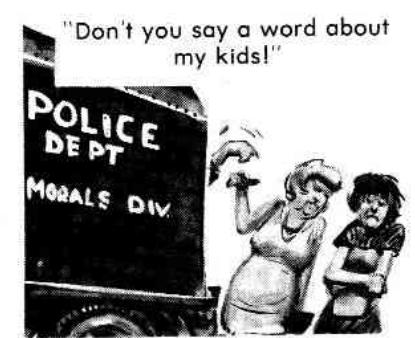
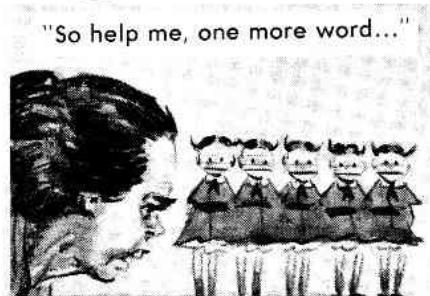
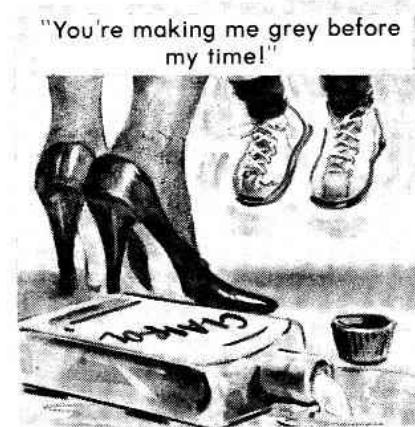
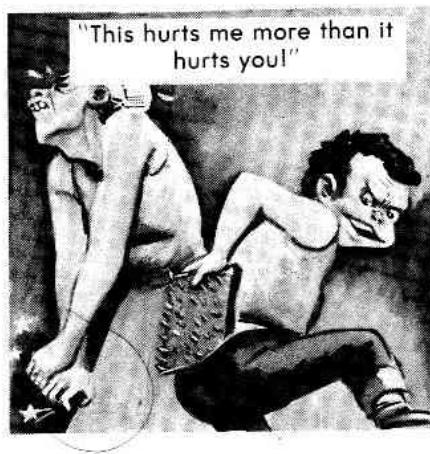
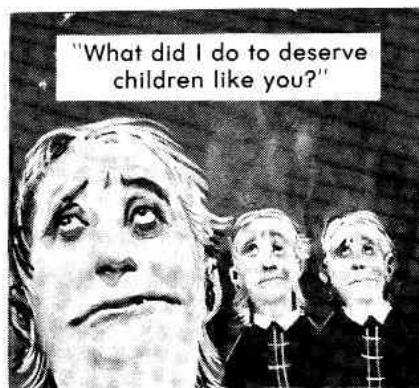
In just 9 short months you'll be getting a visit from a small bird with a large bill. Namely, one of our representatives who will call at your home.

Send for Free Booklet:
WRITE:

MATERNAL PLAN B
Nolooklike, Pa.

WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER ARE YOU?

If you're any kind of a mother at all no doubt you've uttered at least one of these phrases in the last 24 hours. Add up how many you have said and then see how you rate in the SCORING below.



SCORING

0-5 You're a bad mother as you're not relating with the normal hostility to your children. You're unfit to bring them up and should never have had them in the first place!

5-10 You're a fair mother but you still have a lot of aggravation to go through before you can qualify as a typical American mother and should try to let it out more often!

10-15 You're a great mother and should have at least a dozen more kids before you're through as you really know how to handle children and bring them up properly!

16 AND OVER You're a fantastic mother but you should be sent away for a complete rest as you're cracking up since there are only 11 of these questions to answer!

ADVICE TO THE FORLORN

Dear Granny:

We will answer all legitimate problems of mothers. No illegitimate ones will be acknowledged unless you send us the name of the father too.



My children are constantly aggravating me. I keep telling them wait until they have children of their own. They're between 8 and 10 years of age. Am I right in saying this to them?

No, you shouldn't encourage them to have children when they're so young!

Just answer me one question. What did I do to deserve rotten kids like the ones I got?

If you don't know we suggest you have a serious talk with your husband!

I don't know whether my suspicions are founded or not but I'm afraid to leave my husband alone with the babysitter. Do you think I am right?

If he's such a baby he can't stay alone without a babysitter I think you should divorce him!

I swear my children are driving me to an early grave. What can I do about it?

Get them out of the car—children should not be permitted to drive!

Since I became a mother I've started to get fat. Can you suggest an exercise to slim the calves?

Make them jump through hoops!

This is a question in etiquette. In spanking a child, is it proper to use the right hand or the left?

Neither, use a hairbrush!

I read an article by you in the last issue. I don't care what you say, Professor Kinsey is O.K. in my book!

That's very nice, but are you O.K. in his?

Standing on my feet all the time I've developed a problem. Tell me, what can I do about fallen arches?

Step out of the way!

Unlike other mothers I try to keep myself young. I heard that lipstick should match your facial characteristics. Enclosed is my picture. What shade should I use?

Wrinkled!

I'm writing to you about my own mother. She's a widow of 65. What can I get her to pass the time away?

A widower of 75!

I want another child very badly but my husband says he can't afford one. What can I do about it?

Tell him to let a neighbor have one for you!

I'm a new mother and would like to know this. When is the roughest time for an infant?

When you run out of talcum powder!

Do you think it is good to give a nine year old boy cheesecake?

Not until after you've told him about the birds and the bees!

I'm teaching my young daughter table manners. Tell me, is it proper for her to pick up peas with her knife?

Not if they have fallen on the floor!

I'm a social climber and would like to get ahead in the world. How do I go about traveling with the upper set?

Simple, just leave the lower set home in a glass of water!

A doctor recently told me I had six months to live so I went to another doctor and he gave me two years. What am I supposed to do?

Keep on going to other doctors!

I'm considering going on one of those new two-week diets. What do you think I can lose?

Fourteen days!

The Inquiring Father

QUESTION: What is the best way to bring up children?

(asked of various mothers throughout the country and some in the city)



Agatha Ferdly, Racine, Wisconsin: Hit 'em till they're black and blue! That's the only way they're gonna learn. My husband used to say the same thing. I divorced him, you know. Had to. He was a roughneck. The rotten beast, he used to beat me up something awfull!



Clarisse Murdock, Bangor, Maine: Teach them to trust others and to respect people's rights. That's the golden rule, you know. Kids should be taught this at an early age. Now about you! What are you doing stopping strange woman on the street and asking them personal questions? You dirty old man! I got a good mind to call a cop!



Hortense Flinch, Walla Walla, Wash.: My way is to treat children like adults. Never talk down to them. Above all don't be patronizing. You don't know what I'm talking about, do you? I can see it in your face that it's way over your head. Eh-h, whattaya you know!



Selma Glick, Brooklyn, N.Y.: The best way to bring up children? What are you, some kind of a nut? Asking ME a question like that! Look at me closely, Sonny! Don't you know me, you ungrateful clod? It's me, your mother! And what are you telling me you're an accountant when you got a dummy job like this? Just wait till I get you home!



MOTHER

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MOTHER is produced in the Maternity Ward, Mother's Hospital, New York City. It is a non-profit publication. It wasn't meant to be but we can never manage with our budget. Not responsible for any unsolicited children left on our doorstep. Special 9 month subscription rate. Any similarity to mothers living as purported in this magazine they're better off dead!



FOOL EVERYBODY INTO THINKING YOU DON'T READ JUVENILE TRASH MAGAZINES LIKE **SICK**
WHEN THEY FIGURE YOU'RE READING ADULT TRASH MAGAZINES LIKE—

MOTHER

25
Ounces

IN THIS ISSUE

I SENT MY KIDS TO THE STORE AND THEN
I RAN AWAY FROM HOME!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT:
GO BRING UP CHILDREN!

IT COST ME A LOT BUT
THERE'S ONE THING THAT I'VE GOT:
AGGRAVATION

A MOTHER'S DILEMMA:
I SAID
WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER COMES HOME
— AND HE NEVER SHOWED UP!

**I NEVER DRINK IN FRONT OF
THE CHILDREN**

BUT WHEN THEY'RE NOT AROUND WHO
NEEDS IT?



You won't find a funnier magazine parody than this if you stand on your head!!!